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THE RESULTS OF AN EXAMINATION OF THE SOURCES
OF THE HOLY BIBLE, AND A SURVEY OF ITS GROWTH

By

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

In his life of Scott, Lockhart writes: "He expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said, 'Need you ask? There is but one.'"

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The One Book

DEDICATED to those students of the Bible
who find that a widened knowledge of the genesis
and growth of the "Book of Books" broadens
interest in its appeal, deepens appreciation of its
inspiration, and makes compellingly clear
perception of its abiding Truth.

PREFACE

THE Bible is the proof of miracles, to such as have eyes to see and ears to hear what The Book stands for. Nor is this the fact through its chronicle of events, from the day of the going down of Abraham to Paul's preaching in the Eternal City, nor even through its recorded miraculous acts, from those connected with the Exodus on to the healing of the father of Publius, at Melita. Rather does the "little wonder" appear with the realization that these sixty-six books, written through nearly ten centuries, by so many men of such widely differing sorts, from places so far apart and under such strikingly diverse circumstances, should have withstood the shock of wars, the wastage of migrations, the insidious attacks of persistent time itself, and have become one book at last, through the inevitable, unhurried action of its Truth. Here, indeed, is prodigy. Here is incontrovertible evidence of something rightly named authority—of inspiration, in accurate use of the often abused word. Here is full warrant for the frequently heard phrase: "The greatest book in the world," the one

statement of superlative emphasis least apt to be challenged.

The Christian Bible is what it is, moreover, not because of the weight of its authors' names, nor from any theory of composition, and least of all through the sanction of some official pronouncement. It is what it is from its inherent power, tested through more than four score and ten generations of men. It is not fitly used as the elaboration of doctrine. It becomes most living when acknowledged as evidence of a spiritual fact, to be recognized by the heart. In the opening words of the unknown writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews—"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers"—it is the "God who spake" which is the focal phrase of not that great letter only but of all the Scriptures.

Thus granting the ultimate Truth as lying behind and running through the Testaments, it is reasonable to ask: "Why, then, raise question as to authorship? Were not the actual writers, in the last analysis, mere agents? The facts of geometry are fact, none the less, whether Euclid was Greek or Egyptian; the beauties and wisdom of the Shakespearean dramas remain whether they sprang from the brain of Will of Stratford or of Francis, Lord Verulam." Of course: and yet matters of large and legitimate

interest are involved in "sundry times and in divers manners." Does it not, indeed, strike deeper than what one would call mere interest, to seek out, so far as scholarship may, who actually first set to papyrus sheet or parchment scroll this or that of the books? Under what impulsion did he write?—and where?—and when? It is only natural for the thoughtful reader to postulate such queries of any outstanding work of literature; as Gladstone, for instance, studied and discussed the so-called Homeric problems. It is inescapable that such queries should be urged concerning a Book on which is based the moral beliefs and ethical ideals and religious philosophy of millions upon millions of men and women.

Supplementing any such study of what may be termed the physical genesis of our Bible, several related and subsidiary topics are sure to propose themselves. What has given canonical stand to certain writings, while others have been denied it? What have these latter "Apocryphal" books to offer us of value, or even of entertainment? How did the Scriptures develop the gift of tongues?—for today the world's "best seller" is available, in whole or part, in well above 800 languages and dialects. In particular, what is the story of the Bible in English?—down through the more recent "modernizings"?

And what has been the aim and accomplishment of these last?

This little book embodies the results of studies in the broad field indicated by such questions. If a tithe of the gratification which these researches have brought the present writer is found by those who now may read, if to some such reader comes a modicum of the pleasure which was found in the writing, then will be brought to pass the saying that was written once by Dr. Willmott: "Cloud and rainbow appear together. Manna drops in the wilderness; corn grows in Canaan."

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

Philadelphia, January, 1928.

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CHAPTER I

WHERE THE OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS CAME FROM

The Law

THERE is a story told of the late "Tom" Marshall and a book agent, who somehow had won into the private office of the Vice-President, during one of his visits home from Washington. He had scarcely launched forth into the recital of the bibliologic virtues of a certain Bible which then he was offering, when Marshall interrupted the details of limp leather and marginal references and teachers aids with: "Who wrote it?" There was an instant of surprised silence before the answer came: "Why, Mr. Marshall, I guess you didn't understand me: this is a Bible." "I understood that. I'm asking who wrote it." A longer silence: then again the assertion with pained emphasis: "It's a *Bible*." Unsmiling and patient the lawyer came back, of course: "Now, see here. I have a Bible; I dare say there are two or three up at the house, but I'll buy yours if you can throw a little light on the subject of my

question. I've long wanted to know who wrote the Bible." Perspiring and distinctly uneasy the canvasser edged toward the door, muttering: "Heaven help the country if Mr. Wilson doesn't get better soon! The Vice-President's crazy."

As the Biblical student turns to the question of authorship he must recognize, first of all, that the assertion or implication of authorship contained either in the captions of a book as printed in the Authorized Version of the English text, or even at some place within the book, is of itself not conclusive. What today knows as "pride of authorship" had not appeared in the far past centuries when these writings were in the making. The original scribe might, of course, give his name, sometimes he did, but quite as readily would he attribute his work to another. This was with no least dishonest intent. Even were his purpose to gain for his work added prestige from a name already honored, it was not then held illegitimate, but more often the use of that other's name was, as it were, to label the book. Certain classes of letters were known as such by association with the name of a man who had written notably in that field: Solomon had so identified himself with the proverb form, and David with psalm literature. This being the case, the use of the

first personal pronoun in a writing was not, per se, autobiographic proof, any more than Caesar's use of the third person divorced his work by its impersonality.

In every case, authorship, even when superficially claimed, is to be tested through the means offered by either "Lower" or "Higher" criticism. These adjectives, let it be explained at once, are not meant as indicative of worth, certainly in any sense of arrogance. They are entirely arbitrary and relative, the so-called Higher criticism having to do with the internal evidences of allusion and reference, circumstances of origin, doctrinal character and similar details of matter; the Lower deals with the manner of the writing, its vocabulary or idiom, and especially with the original texts. In both cases helpful light may be cast on the composer's nationality, age, experiences, walk in life, and what not else of identifying sort. At the same time, the place of his labors may be suggested, and the period of years within which he worked. For instance, he will not, let us say, make mention of a certain happening so great that inevitably it would have found reference in his pages had it occurred before their composition; or, on the other hand, he will write of some other event as having very recently taken place. The whole intent of biblical "criticism"—

begun in the days of the Church Fathers by Origen, used widely by such scholars as Erasmus and such leaders of Christian thought as Luther, and continued to today by the reverent and careful investigations of the ablest German, British, and American theologians and students of religion—is neither captious nor destructive. Without bias, yet fearlessly sincere, it is scientific and constructive. It is better named “the historical method,” and that at its best. For (to quote W. F. Adeney, himself an authority in the field):

the several parts of Scripture are viewed in their places in the total development of the literature to which they belong, with regard to the spirit of the times in which they were produced, and as themselves throwing light upon the problem of their own origin and purpose. In place of the external evidence of testimony conjoined to mere tradition, attention is given to the internal evidences of literature, history and doctrinal characteristics.

In applying such tests here, it is not at all the intent to enter into highly particularized argument, pro and con, but to set forth, as briefly as may be done in adequate detail, the conclusions of the present writer, as he has arrived at them through his own study of the admitted authorities, weighing their claims and,

where possible, balancing their contentions. He has a desire to record a student's personal conclusions, after open-minded investigation, not to contribute to controversial literature. He has large sympathy with the small boy who was asked, "What's the shape of the world?" and replied promptly, "Round." "How do you know that," came the second query. And the lad replied: "All right. I won't argue. It's square then."

It will be convenient, too (in the main), to take up the books of the Protestant Old Testament in the order in which they are given in the Hebrew Scriptures: "The Law" as embodied in the "Five-Fold" Pentateuch, or so-called Mosaic writings; and "The Prophets," where the "Former" include Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings, and the "Later," Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and "the Book of the Twelve"; our "Minor Prophets," reaching from Hosea and Joel to Zechariah and Malachi. Last follow "The other Writings," or Hagiographa, in this sequence: the Psalms, the Song of Solomon, Job, Proverbs, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and the Chronicles.

The Mosaic authorship of Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy probably is as generally accepted as any one "fact"

relative to the Old Testament. Do not the titles in all Englished editions down through the Revised Version, read "The First Book of Moses commonly called Genesis," "The Second Book of Moses commonly called Exodus" and so on through the five? And in Exodus 17:14 does one not read: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book"? But those captions first appeared in the Septuagint (Greek) translation, made at Alexandria about 250 B.C., while the career of the law-giver is now usually accepted as falling twelve hundred years earlier. Nor does the verse quoted from the second of the books popularly attributed to him declare more than that he wrote down his experiences; it does not affirm that that writing is the one we have. That Moses made record of Hebrew history and set down his own observations and precepts, is beyond reasonable doubt; Aaron, too, with his larger "book learning," assuredly did much of like sort. That very seventeenth chapter of Exodus, with its account of the defeat of the Amalakites, is possibly part of such writing—so also Exodus 24, which relates the ascent of Moses into the mountain—and again the "Book of the Covenant" (Exodus 20-23); and Deuteronomy 12-26—but one may only guess in what form the scriptures of the

great brothers continued through the centuries stretching from their day to that early ninth century period when quite certainly was taken the first of the four steps which brought into existence the Pentateuch as we read it.

The whole of Genesis is pre-Mosaic, of course; traditions of the race that reach back from the stories in the Joseph cycle through the patriarchal legends to the creation itself. These had long and long existed in oral report, perhaps in written form. The clay Tables of Ashurbanipal of Nineveh, themselves dating from 668 B.C. include a literature far older than that—historical, scientific, poetic and ethical compositions running back to something close to 2100 B.C.—Abraham's day, then, as well as from his "home town." These relate tales of the creation and flood closely similar to those in Genesis, and it was these, and numberless others cognate to them, which mingled with the stream of thought of a people deeply impressed by the presence of One God, till gradually, as the spirit moved on the face of those mental waters, the polytheisms natural to all primitive tribes, their superstitions and omenologies, dropped away one by one. The narrators of the earlier portions of what, with complete fitness, we call the sacred writing, proved their inspiration by the way in which

they shaped this floating mass of legend, along with that which came close to actual historical reminiscence, into an expression of religious truth, marked by what we now see so clearly was divine apprehension. The resultant—a substratum of historical fact, overlaid with the accretions of folklore through an indefinite period of word-of-mouth traditions, yet treated so as to become a vehicle for instruction in the knowledge of God—may well have been used by Moses as introductory to what he was about to write of personal knowledge; certainly it was taken long after as the primary groundwork in both the Southern and Northern Bibles. With these the informed student really begins his investigations.

About the year 875 B.C. some Hebrew writer set down a partial account of his peoples' history. It is safely assumed that he came from southern Judea, from the emphasis everywhere set upon the place names of that end of the land. He was a first-rate tale teller: vivid, colorful, with real skill in character portrayal and crisply objective in his writing. These traits show distinctly from the very start of his work, which is Genesis 2, where a completely anthropomorphic God moulds man from clay, plants a garden for his home, and Himself walks in it in the cool of the evening. As this God

always is Jahve (Jehovah) this initial contribution to Bible letters is known as "the Jahvist" and is indicated by the initial J. Of this first of our sources, Sir James Gordon Frazer writes, in his *Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law*:

While his whole attention seems to be given to the human figures in the foreground, who stand out from the canvas with lifelike truth and solidity, he contrives simultaneously, with a few deft, almost imperceptible touches, to indicate the landscape behind them, and so to complete a harmonious picture which stamps itself indelibly on the memory. The scene, for example, of Jacob and Rachel at the well, with the flocks of sheep lying around it in the noontide heat, is as vivid in the writer's words as it is in the colors of Raphael.

The Northern Bible came later, perhaps as much as a century and a quarter; about 750 B.C., when Amos had taken the place of the Elijah of J's day as prophet to Israel—and we label it by that "northern" adjective, for now it is north Judean places on which stress is laid. This supplement to J was probably the work of a group of students rather than of a single investigator—of the scribes, perhaps. They fail to capture, as did J, the atmosphere of their incidents, the local color and human interest;

they are less dramatic. But they are more scholarly and show, too, more of religious spirit, as appears at once in Genesis 1, which opens their narrative. Their God (far less anthropomorphic than Jahve) is Elhoim, so theirs is the "Elhoist" version, indicated by E.

Another century (650 B.C. *circa*) and these two were somehow compiled; and little of such sort is so interesting as the utterly unhistorical method of those who brought to pass JE in this welding. The present-day editor, working two important documents into a unified whole, is careful to harmonize, to prevent duplications of matter, to trim here and embellish there, till the finished book shall read as much as may be as if it had been the original writing of a single author. Twenty-five hundred and more years ago editors took no least pains in the way of such revision. It was enough for them to paste, almost roughly, some section of J where it fitted however partially into E's chapters, another section somewhere else, and so on till all was used. No better example or this intentionally unjudicial attitude could be given than the immediate juxtaposition of Genesis 1 (E) and 2 (J), which in many essential details are directly contradictory. Yet, with this realized, we must see that the JE compilers showed a sense of the religious meaning of history so keen

as to stamp the result of their labor with almost prophetic weight.

The third element of the Pentateuchal writings appears in the year 621 B.C., if the generally accepted chronology be taken: "in the eighteenth year of the king Josiah," as related in II Kings 22. "The Book of the Law," then found by Hilkiah the High Priest (or, more probably, at that time made public by the temple scribes, who had treasured some earlier scriptures during the reigns of monarchs who had done "that which was evil in the sight of the Lord") is what today knows as Deuteronomy, with possibly the first three and again the final three chapters of that splendid scroll not included in the statement. That is, chapters 1-3 were probably added somewhat later than 621 B.C. as a sort of historical introduction, while the "Song" and the "Blessing" (32-33) should be accredited to the earlier reign of Jeroboam II (782-743 B.C.). With these qualifications, Deuteronomy may be dated so exactly that a specific twelve-month may be set down for it: only of Lamentations, Zephaniah, Ezra, Nehemiah and Daniel, among the Old Testament writings, may as much be said.

Of the source known as D, the third of the four now all but universally admitted as contributing to the "Mosaic" groundwork of the

Bible, Sir James Frazer writes in his *Folk-Lore in the Old Testament*:

Whoever was the unknown author of Deuteronomy, there can be no question that he was a disinterested patriot and reformer, animated by a true love of his country and an honest zeal for pure religion and morality, which he believed to be imperilled by the superstitious practices and lascivious excesses of the local sanctuaries. Whether he was a priest or a prophet, it is difficult to judge, for the book exhibits a remarkable fusion of priestly, or at all events legal, matter with the prophetic spirit. . . . The impression which he makes on a modern reader is that of a preacher rolling out the stream of his impassioned eloquence to a rapt audience in the resounding aisles of some vast cathedral. We seem almost to see the kindling eyes and eager gestures of the speaker, to catch the ring of his sonorous accents echoing along the vaulted roof and thrilling his hearers with alternate emotions of comfortable assurance and hope, of poignant remorse and repentance, of overwhelming terror and despair. And it is on a high note of awful warning, of fierce denunciation of the wrath to come on the sinful and disobedient, that the voice of the preacher finally dies away into silence. In sustained declamatory power, as has been well observed by an eminent critic, the orator's peroration stands unrivalled in the Old Testament.

The last is P, standing for what is known among scholars as a book of "Priestly" production, written, to follow the indications of both lower and higher criticisms, during the Exile days or soon after the return: 587-538 B.C. may be regarded as terminal years, with 550 B.C. rather arbitrarily suggested as reasonably indicative. P reproduces the traditional historical scheme of J and E, but exhibits everywhere a prevailing interest in the history of sacred institutions and Sinaiitic legislation. Ecclesiastical ideas are elaborated and religious observances emphasized: the Sabbatical laws, the prohibition of the eating of blood, circumcision. The ceremonial rituals are meticulously detailed. The chronologies and geneologies are fully recited and repeated. Compared with all the three precedent sources here is something colorless, meagre even; cold and often artificial, yet idealistic too. The close of Exodus, most of Leviticus, and parts of Numbers are from the P scrolls. One must again quote from Frazer:

The history he writes is sacred rather than secular; his preoccupation is with Israel as a church rather than as a nation. . . . His attitude to the past is sufficiently explained by the circumstances of the times in which he lived. The great age of Israel is over; its independence is gone, and with it the hopes of worldly prosperity and glory. The rosy

dreams of empire, which the splendid reigns of David and Solomon had conjured up in the hearts of the people, and which may have lingered for a while, like the morning's clouds, even after the disruption of the monarchy, had long ago faded in the clouded evening of the nation's day, under the grim reality of foreign domination. Barred from all the roads of purely mundane ambition, the irrepressible idealism of the national temperament now found a vent for itself in another direction. Its dreams took a different cast. If earth was shut upon it, heaven was still open; and like Jacob at Bethel, with enemies behind him and before, the dreamer beheld a ladder stretching up beyond the clouds, by which angelic hosts might descend to guard and comfort the forlorn pilgrim.

Not long after the return, probably early in that post-exilic period when the rebuilt temple had brought a sharply revived interest in all that had to do with the nation's religion, the four writings were fused into one; P was worked into JE, and D then added to the result. JEPD, one may indicate it; the Pentateuch as now known and read, a single manuscript including no surface way-marks as to which source contributed this chapter, or that, or the other.

The famous *Diatessaron* of Tatian, a unit skein woven from the threads of the four New Testament gospels, offers an interestingly close

Locutusque est dñs ad
MOSEN IN DESERTO SINAI
IN TABERNACULO FOEDERIS
PRIMA DIE MENSIS SECUNDI
ANNO ALTERO EGRESSIONIS
eorum ex AEGYPTO DICENS
TOLLITE SUMMAM UNIUSERSAE
CONGREGATIONIS FILIORUM
ISRAEL
PER COGNATIONES ET DOMOS
SUAS ET NOMINA SINGULORUM
QUI CUIUS SEXUS EST
MASCULINI
AUICENSIMO ANNO ET SUPRA
OMNIUM UIRORUM FOR
TIUM EX ISRAEL
ET NUMERABITIS EOS PER
TURMAS SUAS TU ET AARON
ERUNTQ. UOBIS CUM PRINCIPES
TRIBUUM AC DOMORUM
IN COGNATIONIB. SUIB.
QUORUM ISTA SUNT NOMINA

THE OPENING VERSES OF THE BOOK OF NUMBERS, IN THE AMIATINE
MISSAL, OWNED AND USED BY GREGORY THE GREAT. IT IS EARLY 7TH
CENTURY SCRIPT.

parallel to what thus resulted. That Syrian leader, thinking to give the church of his second (Christian) century day something conveniently inclusive for reading at the gatherings, compiled into one narrative the very words of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John so as to avoid repetition and give a consecutive life of Jesus. For example:

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John to be baptized of him. And Jesus was about thirty years of age and was supposed to be the son of Joseph. Now John saw Jesus coming unto him and saith, This is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said, After me shall come a man which is preferred before me for he was before me, and I knew him not, but that he may be made manifest to Israel therefor came I baptizing with water. Now John was forbidding him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee and cometh thou to me? Jesus answered him, Suffer it now, thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And when all the people were baptized Jesus also was baptized. And he went up straightway out of the water and the heaven was opened unto him. And the Holy Spirit descended upon him in the form of a dove's body. And lo, a voice from heaven, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. And John bare

witness saying, I saw the Spirit descending as a dove out of heaven, and it abode on him.

Here are nine quotations, taken from Matthew, Luke, and John, giving the precise language of thirteen verses of their narratives, but with no indication as to which Evangelist wrote which. The *Diatessaron*, then (discovered and published at Rome so lately as 1888), offered the synoptic stories and John's, each close knit with the others, and might have preserved those narratives for us, had the several gospels in some way been all destroyed—but we would have had to separate them as best we might, through the leads of language, allusion, and so forth. Here is exact analogy to the Pentateuchal books; three of whose ultimate sources at least (JEP) are unknown in individual form.

* * *

Do these investigations into origin and authorship drag the Pentateuch from a quondam pedestal? Did not Galatea have to descend, that the unfeeling marble might glow with the color of very life?

CHAPTER II

WHERE THE OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS CAME FROM

The Prophets

THE narrative transition from Deuteronomy to Joshua is so direct and intimate that the student may ask why the latter, in the Hebrew Scriptures, should be held as opening a new division of the books: "The Prophets." The sole reason is that the "Torah," or Law, is not included in its two dozen chapters; it is not, as frequently taken, because of an alleged change in authorship from Moses to his forceful successor in command. For Joshua, as we have it, surely is part of some larger work, probably a history of the period reaching from the conquest of Canaan to the establishment of the kingdom, which has been rewritten by some adapter, in both spirit and language closely akin to the editor or author of "The Book of the Law." Joshua, to some considerable degree, is allied with Judges in that its ultimate beginnings lay doubtless in verbally circulated hero tales. It is the general opinion of scholars that

both books were compiled and reduced to their present forms about the year 650 B.C., when the JE compilation was made.

That second book of the Hebraic "Former Prophets," Judges (its Hebrew "Shophetim" perhaps is more suggestively rendered "Champions"), assuredly is composed from several sources of varying character and different periods. From time immemorial the exploits of tribal heroes have been commemorated by their descendants, the tales being composed usually soon after the events related. Realizing this, one will the more readily accept the contemporaneousness of Deborah's "Hate Song," in Judges 5, whose force and fire set it beside the noblest battle hymns of all history. A lyric outburst cried to the world five centuries before the day of burning Sappho, by the vividness of every touch, especially by the elevation and intensity of feeling which throughout pervades it, it gives inevitable impression of having been set down by one who had witnessed Esdraelon's rout. There was much of such matter, traditional as well as authentic, afloat through all Israel. For long it would be recited orally, then parts would appear in some written form, then would come collections of these till finally today's Judges was evolved. From the phrasing and coloring of the editor's own prefatory and

closing sections, scholarship sees this, too, as Deuteronomic.

Samuel, in the actual form in which "his" two books have come to us, includes sections among the oldest of any we have chronologically located, and this despite the fact that the most ancient Hebrew text known is of the tenth century after Christ. The original dates back some nineteen hundred years before that in its older portions, seventeen hundred in its later, the earlier chapters being based on writings of Samuel himself, though no trace is left as to which have retained most of the autobiographic touch. In this connection, it is instantly evident that the name of the books cannot be held indicative of them, as a whole, whether as regards subject or authorship, extending as they do through the reign of David, and so covering a period approximately included in the years 1070-970 B.C., while Samuel's death is recorded when the tale is but half told. The best of our present-day sources of the book is the Greek Septuagint, which in turn was made from a contemporary Hebrew manuscript (third century B.C.). The existing text is obviously in great disorder; only Hosea and Ezekiel equal Samuel in this particular. There are different literary styles readily noticeable, conflicting theologic standpoints appear, two varying attitudes are shown toward

the founding of the monarchy, and the incidents that appear in two, even in three, forms are unusually numerous. One need not say, then, that we have here no unified and logical statement of a certain series of facts, set down by a single pen, but rather a compilation from various and probably many sources. Through all, however, runs clearly the purpose not, mainly, to record historic events but to use those events to point religious teaching. Sermons are given, not annals. Samuel is history, indeed, but history seen through a prophet's eyes, and interpreted so as to enforce the morals he would inculcate.

In the oldest codices, I and II Samuel compose a single book, as do I and II Kings likewise. The Authorized Bible recognized this by entitling these four writings with subcaptions "commonly called the First (or Second, or Third, or Fourth) Book of the Kings." But what we know as I and II Kings, had long been so divided. For the convenience of Greek readers the Septuagint translators did this and the cutting so passed from their work into the Vulgate of Jerome and thus on to the Church. It was Bomberg, in his Hebrew Scriptures of 1517, who completed the rectification by similarly dividing Samuel.

Kings bases its narratives upon three books which, from the very casualness of the constant

references to them, were not only known to compilers of this work but must also have been generally available: The Chronicles of the Kings of Judah and of Israel and The Acts of Solomon. The author, moreover, may have had at his elbow lives of Elijah and Elisha; perhaps, too, of Isaiah, but all are wholly lost to us. What of them has in this form come down to today, was completed somewhere close to the year 550 B.C. It should be added that the books of Kings differ from all earlier writings in the "Old Covenant" in their effort to date events through the four centuries of which they tell. Their value to us historically, then, is unique, even though our more exact scholarship and wider knowledge compel many corrections in their chronology.

In the "Later Prophets"—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the "Minor Prophets" of the Protestant canon: Amos to Malachi—one comes upon the most remarkable succession in all human history. Never was there more striking instances of the situation which Lowell envisioned in 1844: *Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—*

*Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind
the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above His own.*

✓ Where is there a more heroic picture than of those fifteen righteous men, standing forth unbribable, unintimidated, to scold weak kings and scarify a corrupt priesthood? Their times doubtless held them voices crying in the wilderness, harkened to but not obeyed, usually losing. The long view shows them invariably victorious.

Speak, History! Who are life's victors?

Unroll thy long annals, and say,

Are they those whom the world called the victors—

Who won the success of a day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans,

Who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,

Or the Persians and Xerxes? His Judges

Or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

With its beginnings lost in comparative obscurity, prophecy for four hundred years was a power in Israel, recognized, flourishing, influential. At this point we observe it in what are known as the Assyrian and Chaldean periods: that is, through some two and a half centuries, with perhaps three names on the splendid roster not to be so exactly placed. About the time when Romulus was founding Rome, Amos introduced Hebrew prophecy's golden age, in which Isaiah is the central glorious figure: Amos and Hosea in the northern kingdom. Isaiah and Micah in the southern, with Zephaniah and

Nahum following. The sixth century prophetic era was ushered in by Jeremiah, whose painful duty it was to oppose at the same time princes, priests, and people, and in a way which meant assuredly that he would be charged with lack of patriotism if not actual treachery. Never was task seemingly more useless, certainly more thankless. Followed then Habakkuk, Obadiah, Ezekiel, the later Isaiah (with the most spiritual message of all), and those two minor stars in the great constellation, Haggai and Zechariah. In the mid-fifth century comes Malachi as if to testify to dwindling inspirations, though his fidelity to truth yet burns as clear and strong as any. Joel and Jonah, the dates of their books offering texts for continuing debate and widely differing opinions, complete the list. None of these mighty moral teachers was an exponent of "The Law" in any technical sense. Their "Word," indeed, was opposed in the main to the orthodox and conventional leadings of the synagogues. They were not trained in Hebraic theology, they were of no priestly party, and so their preaching often was interrupted, interdicted even. Hence they turned to the written form to get their messages to the people—and hence we still may read their warnings and exhortations.

Amos, the sheep farmer of Tekoa, in the days

of Kings Uzziah and Jeroboam II, initiated this epochal movement, with trenchant invective, stern denunciation and visions of coming destruction. Jerome thought one of his rustic birth and upbringing must have had unsophisticated views of life and have been unskilled in speech, but his book (and beyond just question it is his) is well arranged and written in a style as straight forward as is its portrayal of the moral anarchy of the day (750 B.C.). The man's knowledge is broad and his originality complete: when he proclaimed that the essence of religion was that "justice roll down as waters and righteousness as an ever-flowing stream" he had no fore-runner, though he was to have many successors.

The initial place in the Jewish "Book of the Twelve," to use the title given to a collection of prophetic writings made in the fourth-third centuries B.C., is accorded not to Amos, however, but to Hosea, "the son of Beeri," and it is interesting to note in passing that here is the only one of the prophets by both birth and life a Northerner; his home appears to have been in one of the villages of Gilead, east of the Jordan. Scholarship is at one in holding practically the whole of these fourteen chapters as the man's own and doubtless committed to writing by him. In its earliest form it appeared in the Kingdom of Israel close to the year 736 B.C.

Ethics is at one in its gratitude to the man who, having learned to look upon life and human society through the eyes of love, has urged all later times to do no less.

Twenty years after Bethel had been called to listen to Amos, and while Hosea was still exhorting and warning, the statesman-prophet Isaiah raised his voice in the southern kingdom, speaking to Judah as now he speaks to all the world—is not the uplifting ethical quality of this the first prophet of the Messianic hope as surpassing as its abiding poetry? But the book we know and love under that name is compact certainly of two, possibly of three, contributions. The first thirty-nine chapters are generally attributed to the man whose name now covers the whole: 1-13 and 28-32 are positively his, written toward the close of the eighth century B.C. On from the “Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people” of chapter 40 we read the work of some magnificently inspired “Other-Isaiah” (Deutero-Isaiah) probably of the generation which immediately followed the rebuilding of the temple. The year 750 B.C. has been given as suggestively indicative of the time of the one; 500 B.C. for the other. There are evidences of yet other work in the book, and some students contend that, as a whole, it received the form in which we have it possibly not earlier

than two centuries before the coming forth of the Rod out of the stem of Jesse, prophetically envisioned by both of these mighty harbingers of the Christ.

Of the book of Micah the Morashite, a contemporary of the "first Isaiah," and fellow-worker with him, only chapters 1-13 are assuredly Micah's. The last four of the seven which we find under his name are probably an expansion of his thought and phrasings, added, very possibly, when the "Book of the Twelve" was being put together. In which connection it should be recalled that the space left "fair and all unstained of ink" at the end of a scroll would be to someone an invitation to write more, especially at a time when the propriety of economizing writing material was so emphatic and when, as already has been explained, it was held in no way discreditable to use the cloak or influence of another's cognomen for work not his.

Critical opinion is divided as to the date of the book of Joel; a prophet of whose personal history not one detail is known. One school, referring to the religious atmosphere of the three brief chapters, to the political situation implied and to an allusion to the Greeks, set the writing at about 500 B.C., after the reforms of Ezra and Nehemiah. Another group reaches a much

earlier estimate: *circa* 737 B.C., in the reign of Joash of Judah. It is one of the questions that for this time must be left open, but there can be no reasonable doubt as to the man's authorship, and none at all of the memorable force and instant clarity of his work. If for nothing else, what debt of gratitude is owed him for that "Rend your hearts and not your garments"?

Zephaniah's earnest prophecy was probably delivered in the year 627 B.C., in the reign of King Josiah but before the reforms of 621 B.C., when Deuteronomy was found and publicly read by Priest Hilkiah. And the book which perpetuates this, is admittedly the writing of the young man of royal blood whose name it bears—one who has been called "the Savonarola of ancient Jerusalem," since, like the great Florentine, he exerted so vast an influence upon king and people.

Nahum, "the Elkoshite of the tribe of Simeon," offers two oracles, both his own writing, albeit some question has been raised as to the first of his three powerfully vivid and compact chapters: is that of prologue sort, and later added? In considering the matter of the date of the book one comes upon an interesting case of what have been called "terminal events," between which the time of composition must lie: it was done after Ashurbanipal took Thebes

(663 B.C.) and before the fall of Nineveh (606 B.C.). From various internal evidences scholars deduce its appearance as close to 625 B.C.

The book Jeremiah admittedly is not only accurately historical but genuinely autobiographical, the writings of "the man of Anathoth": a character, all things considered, as nobly heroic as any in the Old Testament. His prophecies all were delivered under King Josiah and his sons, in the forty years, that is, between 626 and 586 B.C., and the book's self finds origin in the same period. It might fairly be named "The Book of Jeremiah the Prophet and Baruch the Scribe," for much of the narrative writing was the secretary's. If the arrangement of the chapters be his, too, he exhibits either careless haste or a regrettable lack of logical thought, but the confused state of the text more probably is due to the copyings after copyings of time itself, together with the well-meant but perplexing glosses and additions of various editors. It was early in 604 B.C. that the original "roll of a book" was finished, and destroyed by King Jehoiakim. Later that same twelve-month a second copy was done, chapters 1, 14-20 and 25 then being added to the 2-12 which seem to have comprised the first issue. Sometime during the next

dozen or fifteen years two subsequent "editions" appeared (from Baruch's hand) each being slightly enlarged over preceding issues. Was it then or later, perhaps after Jeremiah had met his death at the hands of incensed fellow-exiles in Egypt, that the chapter sequence became so disordered? That which we have, whatever its state after twenty-five centuries and more of vital life, since 604 B.C. witnessed the first writing, is superlatively fine. Dr. George G. Findlay of Leeds declares of it:

Jeremiah has neither the sublimity or sustained oratorical power of Isaiah, nor the pungency of Amos, nor the fire and verve of Nahum, nor the subtlety of Habakkuk, but in richness of imagery, in fullness of human interest, in lucidity and naturalness, in his command of the various resources of poetry, eloquence, pathos, and practical appeal, Jeremiah is the greatest of the writing prophets.

Habakkuk's reflective document may safely be granted as his, dated close to the year 600 B.C.: it was written certainly after the battle of Carchemish (605 B.C.) and prior to the first Judean captivity (597 B.C.).

Of the vision of Obadiah, the shortest book in the Old Testament, it is not possible to write so definitely. As success has refused to crown the

attempts of students to identify the prophet with any of a dozen and more men of this name, so the internal evidences of his preachment give scant ground on which to build close estimate as to date. Probably "about 585 B.C." is a reasonable guess.

Ezekiel is assuredly the author of the book beneath his name, which comes to us across the ages based on the man's own elaboration of his notes and memoranda, set to his tablets *circa* 575 B.C. The text has been terribly corrupted, but its basic integrity admits of no serious question; it is the work of one of an exile community at Tel-Abib, "by the waters of Babylon." There for twenty-two years Ezekiel was both pastor and prophet, speaking and writing and doing all else he could to keep heart in his coreligionists; to strengthen them through the days of slavery and prepare them, too, for the long-predicted return. This accounts for his use of the apocalyptic form of promise, which he so developed as to influence greatly all later Jewish writing in this mode, and with such poetic vision, moreover, as to prompt in Schiller a wish to learn Hebrew just that he might read Ezekiel in the original. It explains, further, those last nine chapters (40-48) of the man's work, which outline a polity for repatriated Israel (yet less the nation than the ecclesiastical

organization) with, for instance, meticulously minute stipulations as to the temple-to-be. Authorities on Judaism affirm it would not be possible to exaggerate the effect which this Utopia exerted through more than six centuries. It should be added that Ezekiel shows a scrupulous exactness in dating events: in this, indeed, he is without peer among the prophets.

Another book playing an important role in the transition from prophetic to apocalyptic literature came, about 520 B.C., from that Zechariah who, according to Ezra, helped rouse the procrastinating leaders to the rebuilding of the temple. Chapters 1-8 of the fourteen ascribed to Zechariah in our Scriptures are genuinely his prophecies, marked by no small measure of the ethical spirit of the great ones who had trod this path before him, and yet, in the last analysis, rather failing of their vital touch. Of the two or three pronouncements which make up chapters 9-14 we cannot do better than label them anonymous; of a day perhaps not long before the Maccabean struggle. Form and thought alike distinguish them sharply from Zechariah's own work. The same date, of course (520 B.C.), applies to the little book of Haggai, Zechariah's co-worker. So unadorned as even to be called monotonous, it is yet continually effective through its deep sincerity.

On the subject of Malachi scholarship stands divided upon two details. First; as to the date of the book's appearance, though as to this the weight of argument seems to favor a year close to 430 B.C. Secondly; is Malachi a proper name? That whoever used it here actually was author is admitted, but is it not possible (the argument runs) that this title, with its adjectival termination and meaning "My Messenger," was used in precisely that sense and does not spell for us the name we seek? The Targum credits "Malachi's" four chapters to Ezra, and the orthodox Jew still so holds. On the other hand, Gentile Biblical authorities are inclining to the opinion that "Malachi" was Malachi—as well as that he wrote the sermon in which Jerome and Calvin (and how many since!) found deep comfort.

Jonah, which closes the "Book of the Twelve" as Malachi sets period to the Protestant "Minors," is certainly a book about and not by that famous prophet. That he lived and preached is granted. That he might well have written is a matter of course (the more so as his experiences were somewhat unusual!) but his career lay in the later ninth century, and yet the account of Nineveh, here attributed to him, everywhere refers to that great city in the past sense: "it was." Now Nineveh was destroyed

in 606 B.C.; this writer, then, was of a day subsequent to that. The Hebrew is of late characteristics, moreover, and certain Aramaic influences have been pointed out in it. All of which compels one to assume a date not far from (say) 300 B.C. The thoughtful reader of *Jonah*, however, carries away from its brief and picturesque chapters, something more abiding than such data, for he has listened to the voice of one who rose spirit-free out of the tightening bonds of ecclesiasticism.

* * *

In such search into the source of the Old Testament books as has here been briefly entered into, the question as to "When?" brings up little if anything to trouble what may well have been the long-cherished beliefs of the beginner in these studies. But that other query, as to "Who?" all but invariably stirs a certain mental unsettling. To have been accustomed, through the early, formative years of life, unquestioningly to regard the Biblical books as the writings of a group of titularly announced men, and then to learn that these authorships, in a number of cases, are not the true ones, may seem at first quite the same thing as impugning the validity of the Scriptures themselves. Chief Justice Chase felt this doubt, but he went

through with his investigations and, at the close, could write in this way:

There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved, as a lawyer and a judge, that I would try the Book as I would try anything in the courtroom, taking the evidence for and against. It was a long, serious and profound study; and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, in that it voices the word of very truth, and that it has come from God through the divinely wise meditations and inner promptings of Godly writers, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teaching.

If one holds that the Holy Book is compact of words each (as it were) “dictated” by Diety—if, as did the father of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, one somehow stands convinced that “Hebrew is the intimate language of the Holy Ghost”—then, for such an one, there is no call to inquire into the times and seasons, the impelling circumstances and the agents, which brought into lettered being the compositions that so profoundly and permanently have modified all history. If, to the contrary, one realizes that these same immemorial writings were tran-

scribed originally at times when authorship was all but forgotten in the import of the messages sent forth—at times, too, when often enough the very conditions of the hour stood opposed to what we of today would deem no more than proper publicity for the writers—then it instantly becomes clear that anything and everything in the accepted texts should be carefully scrutinized to verify the claims that may therein have been put forward, and, when such verification fails, to identify those to whom the ages since have owed so vast a debt of gratitude. For the abiding truth of the Bible remains, untouched and omnipotent, whatever result may follow exploration along the channels of human agency.

CHAPTER III

WHERE THE OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS CAME FROM

The Writings

THE third division of the Scriptural arrangement, following the Hebrew canon as determined at the Jamnia Synod (A.D. 90), is called *Kethubhim*, or "Writings," though the Gentile world knows it better under the Greek word *Hagiographa*: "Sacred Writings." Ranking somewhat lower in theologic value than the Law or the Prophets, the dozen books in this group yet include at least three which yield to none in historical value or literary worth or that widest and most lasting appeal which we name human interest—which lives and breathes and has its being in the heart itself. The account of the unselfish and fervent patriot Nehemiah stands alone to fill that era in the annals of his countrymen. Job's story remains through all time not only the boldest and grandest effort of the ancient world to "justify the ways of God to men," but also towers a poetic peak in the ranges of immemorial

verse. In the Psalms the vast hosts of humanity have found, from the day of Jonah to this present, the deepest expression of their hopes and fears.

The Jewish Bible sets these writings in the following order:

- (1) The Poetical Books: Psalms, Proverbs, Job;
- (2) The Five Rolls: Canticles, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther;
- (3) Daniel, Ezra-Nehemiah, Chronicles.

It will afford clearer treatment here to set aside this sequence, considering probable authorships and times in what appears the chronological order.

The Lamentations, which bewail the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C., with its warmth and beat of feeling, surely impresses a reader with its contemporaneousness; its five hymns read as if indeed an elegy for the nation's death. "Is there such another book in the whole world?" exclaims Dr. Cheney, "such another almost unalloyed expression of unrestrained anguish and utter, unconsolable desolation." The tradition that it came from the pen of Jeremiah was inevitable, and it may be accurate. When, rather more than three hundred years later, the Alexandrian translators were building the Greek Septuagint they

accepted it as fact, writing "of Jeremiah" in their title. Some will feel that the artificial acrostic form, in which the laments are composed, indicates a period later than the close of the sixth century; others will point to certain resemblances in both vocabulary and thought to the man of Anathoth's admitted chapters, and so endorse the claims in his name. It is a debate not yet determined, with Jeremiah somewhat favored in the main. The date of the work will lie, if not in the actual twelve-month of 586 B.C., within a not long time thereafter.

Job is one of the books named from subject, not author; like Joshua and Jonah, Esther and Daniel. Here is a picture at once colorful and accurate of nomad life, perhaps in the confines of Arabia or Idumea, in the early dawn of Asiatic civilization. The period drawn may be as early as 2300 B.C., ten generations before Abraham's time, its obvious antiquity being indicated by the Syriac Bible which, for this reason, placed the book between the Pentateuch and Joshua. Who composed it? And Edmund Clarence Stedman, in his *Nature and Elements of Poetry*, makes reply: "Who carved the Sphinx, or set the angles of the Pyramids? The shadow of his name was taken, lest he should fall by pride, like Eblis." The earliest Rabbinical authorities ascribed its writing to

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Moses, while Solomon, Baruch, and Jeremiah all have been accepted as the author. His name, however, is wholly lost to us; we may be sure only that he was an Israelite, perhaps resident in some section of the land adjacent to the desert, for he knew so well that mode of life; a man versed in astronomy and the myths of the Levantine peoples, moreover, and read in the lore of "Wisdom Books." Beyond all this, far, far above it, was he a poet of surpassing gifts. He chose a text completely universal in its appeal: "Whence come the undeserved sufferings of a good man?" and on this composed an epic-drama, with lyric interludes, uniquely great. It, too, is a wisdom book, but with the customary didacticism shot through by lights of genius such as never yet were seen on sea or land save by poet born. The opening and close of the work are wrapped in hoary tradition, "of a time when the stars hung low in the empyrean," but on this fairy tale have been grafted divine truths. Scholarship declares the writer to have lived near the day of Nehemiah; a definite date evidently is unattainable. "In the period from 600 to 400 B.C." commends approval from those with most authority who have delved into the fascinating problem.

In this same period is to be placed the delightfully beautiful book of Ruth. It has, further,

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points in common with Job in that it, too, is about, not by, the person whose name furnishes its title, and with the greater literary skill of later days pictures scenes and incidents of times even then long past. Commemorating an immortal friendship, sharply sketching in for us countryside ways and customs, it remains a wholly perfect specimen of the idyll.

The most characteristic of the three contributions of eastern Wisdom Literature to the Old Testament is the book of the Proverbs, "of Solomon." Its aphorisms, Oriental alike in sentiment and sententiousness, were recited "in the gates" from the very beginnings; they are as ancient as market places. That such carved and tested bits of philosophy,

*Jewels five-words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever,*

picturesque often, homely usually, always most practical, should have gravitated into anthologies was inevitable, and their ascription to the man who stood forth, in his own day and for generations to follow, as the type and embodiment of all wisdom, was quite as much to have been expected. It is a safe assumption, moreover, that Solomon's self did write a-many of these epigrammatic maxims: "Fire is surely

where much smoke is," falls doubly pat under the circumstances. In what may be termed the body of the book—chapters 1-24—the greater part if not actually the whole may be admitted as the king's. The two closing chapters (30, 31), with their entertaining riddles and those long-remembered "There be three things" verses, are of late form and thought; perhaps from the second of the B.C. centuries. The five intermediate chapters are still undatable. In 10-20 the Hebraicized proverb shows at its best: practical advice in aphoristic couplets, the parallelism antithetic. "Nowhere is there another such manual of conduct" declares Joubert, "nowhere nicer common sense made memorable in a fusing of ethics and rhetoric." The authors of these sayings would lay no claim to inspiration, in such way as could the greater prophets; they were humanists rather, adding to the collected Solomonic adages and through a considerable term of years attributing to him their primers or almanacs (as now they might be called). The finished whole, as it stands between Psalms and Ecclesiastes, is to be dated almost anywhere between 350 and 150 B.C., but, of course, the authorship of lesser portions of the "book" as of single proverbs will run back beyond the grasp of twentieth century investigation.

The books of Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah are profitably considered together, for in the forms in which we read them they are to all intents parts of one writing, as appears to trained examination from linguistic reasons alone. They were done by "the Chronicler," as now he is known, somewhat not far from 300 B.C., the date being proposed by a study of Nehemiah's facts and the check upon his allusions offered by Flavius Josephus, the "Grecian Livy" who left us *The Antiquities of the Jews*. The Chronicler was some Jerusalem Levite desirous of proving that the Samaritan temple on Mount Gerizim was of an authority subordinate to that second temple at the ancient capital, rebuilt after the Return. So he took the book of the Kings as his groundwork, along with the memoirs of Ezra and Nehemiah, contemporary with the rebuilding, and produced not history but capable propaganda. History must be appropriately inclusive and should be consistently impartial, but here is an annalist concerning himself only with Judah, and even so only with that southern kingdom in so far as has to do with the temple worship and institutions. So he emphasizes the greatness of the line of David, the religious value of Jerusalem, and the Levitical position there. He accentuates ecclesiastical interests even in his geneological

tables. Nor will he include anything to the discredit of his heroes: there is no mention in Chronicles of the Uriah and Bathsheba episode in the career of David, nor of Absalom's rebellion, nothing of the Amnon and Tamar happening, nor of Solomon's foreign wives. By suppression and alteration he "proved" a point, but produced history too biased to be worthy of the name. Who was the foreign military observer, attached to some English staff during the Crimean days, who remarked of the Light Brigade's charge at Balaklava: "It is magnificent; but it is not war"? Chronicles was ultimately received into the Jewish canon, to be sure, but only among the Writings, and even there set last of a dozen titles. Its name, "The Annals" in the Hebrew, became "Things Left Out" in the Septuagint (*Paraleipomena*) because holding matter not found in either Samuel or Kings. Our "Chronicles" is the Anglicizing of "Chronicon" (the Annals) in Jerome's Vulgate.

Today's greatest interest in what we have received from this Chronicler lies in the two priceless autobiographical fragments which he has preserved for us, from the writings of Nehemiah, the enthusiastic and diplomatic man of action, who governed the Jerusalem colony for a time, and of Ezra, who may or may not have been a priest and Zadokite but who beyond all cavail

was a scribe par excellence: an austere, commanding figure, destined to leave so lasting an impress on the religious life of his people that he may be held Judaism's true founder. We may with reasonable safety ascribe a date for these two books more exact than is customary in matters of Old Testament chronology: 458 B.C. In that twelve-month quite surely were composed by Ezra the accounts which now we find in chapters 8-10 of the book beneath his name; these are generally admitted to be authentic extracts from his memoirs. At that time, too, was Nehemiah writing, and the integrity of chapters 1-7, 9, and parts of 12 and 13 of his book is to be accorded—"the true words" of one whom Josephus declared to be

a man of good and righteous character, ambitious to make his own nation happy. He hath left the walls of Jerusalem as an eternal monument of himself.

The Song of Songs "which is Solomon's" assuredly is not of that great monarch's singing, nor is there here, as there was in the case of Proverbs, the excuse of the matter of the book being of that wisdom literature kind, which was at least part warrant for ascribing it to one widely regarded as the embodiment of

intellectual attainment. Our Bible's subtitle, originating, as already has been seen in other instances, in the mid-third century translation of the Septuagint, is devoid of real authority as indicating the author. May it not be that those Alexandrian scholars, nearly 2200 years ago, recognized that the actual subject of the "Song" was the triumph of a virtuous love over all that kingly wealth and position could offer: Solomon being regarded, not as the author, but as subject, yielding up to her rustic lover some fair country girl who had been brought in among the court favorites. Had the traditions of race and religion held this a genuine writing of David's son, it would have won acceptance to their canon long before Jamnia's synod. So tardily accepted there, it was set only in the third classification of the Scriptures, and even then only as an allegory of the reciprocal love between Jahve and Israel—an idea which was later taken over by the Christian church from the synagogue, Christ being figured forth in the Bridegroom, the Bride standing for the church body. Of late years these allegorists slowly but surely have lost ground, till the general admission of competent scholarship now is that here we have a collection—profane, yet sacred too—of lyrics celebrating the mutual love of man and woman. The graceful movement

of the poet's lines, the charms of his imagery, rich as with scented winds from gardens of spice-trees, his affectionate appreciation of Nature's beauties, all endow his little suite of songs with distinguished literary value. Who the poet was, however, is a question yet to be answered: there is no ground for so much as a reasonable guess. When he wrote is indicated, though, for the language is of that latest stratum of Biblical Hebrew known as of the Greek period. It is then a third century composition. The name Canticles, frequently given the book, comes to us from Jerome's Latin title: *Canticum Canticorum*, The Song of Songs.

Once again in Ecclesiastes comes instance of the traditional Solomonic authorship, with no warrant to stand even casual investigation: the superficial claim in the book's self is dropped after the phrasing of 2:12, and even that, after all, is no more than a possible implication of the wise king. The title of the Hebrew text, Koheleth, is a nom de plume: "One who speaks in an Assembly," which Jerome rendered by the word we find today. It is another early second century composition (*circa* 200 B.C.), so located by the peculiarities of language and grammar. "Anonymous," once more, is all one can say of it, for there is nothing in what the book relates which helps to identify the unknown writer;

no period has been found to fit with all his statements as to the conditions he found about him. Clearly, he was a Jew, resident in or near Jerusalem, wealthy, venerable, and a very Dean Inge in gloominess of view-point. When not frankly the superpessimist, he writes with an ink as cynical as that habitually used in Greenwich Village. And yet, on considered thought, is this Preacher as hopeless as appears on the surface? Is there not another interpretation justified by these strangely beautiful philosophizings? When one has heaven in his heart, he need not worry about heaven in the future.

*“Vanity of Vanities!” the Preacher sighed;
A poet disillusioned by the tide
Of the swift passing of the burdened days,
Which left vain hopes and little else beside.*

*“The ceaseless swing of Time’s encircled years,
The unending round of grief—joy—smiles—
and tears,
With, at the last, one door to ope and close—
No answer to the mystery appears.”*

*Yet is this all? Shall man, perplexed, dismayed,
Cast down his cards before the hand is played?*

*Life is, and Love, and Truth: a Trinity
To guide us ever onward, unafraid.*

*The dim tomorrows do not heaven bind;
Today enfolds it. If we seek we find.*

*Our joy shall lie in labor bravely wrought;
Our high reward in serving humankind.*

If Chronicles is to be set down an entry in the literature of propaganda, the books entitled with the names of Daniel and Esther must be given scarce better rating. No reader of the latter but realizes at once that the beautiful heroine is subject, not writer; the same is fact of Daniel, as well. The prophet could not have written this, of course. "His" initial verses announce him carried north a captive in 606 B.C., which is but a brief decade before Ezekiel was to group him with the ancient worthies, Noah and Job, not thereby implying precise generation, but surely indicating his acceptance as a figure of long-standing weight and authority. There is little if any doubt that here we have a composition of 168-166, B.C., when Antiochus Epiphanes was scoring so fearfully red a mark across second century annals. The reign of that Madman (175-164 B.C.) is here drawn in with so crisp a precision that it stands obviously the work of an eyewitness of its terrible cruelties, especially as toward the Palestinian Jews. Daniel assuredly is addressed to these sufferers (in this light mark the pointedness of chapters

7-12) and the old but everywhere-familiar stories of the slave-become-governor are repeated to encourage the faithful to cling to their religion, since once again shall they see it proved that "God will intervene." These circumstances naturally prevented any announced authorship of the work; self-advertising would have spelt torture and death. Nor has investigation brought to light even a probably author. The autobiographic idea was once on a time widely accepted, but so long as sixteen hundred years ago Porphyry opposed it, and it is now generally abandoned. Had the scroll really been of sixth century production the Jamnia Rabbis would certainly have placed it with the Prophets in the second division of the canon they were determining, not in the third with the Writings. Also the Hebrew in which it was written stands opposed to any date earlier than the second century. It need not be added that the character Daniel is not invented; his adventures, historical in the main, have become the frame to this Encourager's picture, wherein the materials that were sure to have gathered about such a name have been worked up into the earliest fully-developed apocalypse.

It was yet again in the early second century that some Jew, led rather by racial prejudice than religious fervor, wrote the story of Queen Esther.

The language clearly identifies the period of the work, and there is, too, that statement in 3:8 ("There is a certain people scattered abroad among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom"), to show that the dispersion long had been an accepted fact. Here is something other than history, then. None of its events finds corroboration in Ezra or Nehemiah or Daniel or Sirach or even Chronicles. It is rather historical romance; fiction, transparently written for the glorification of the Hebrew nation and to voice contempt for the Gentiles. It is possible that it offers one more instance of a writing done to uplift the spirits of the oppressed Jews, but the other motive appears more evident.

The immortal "Book of Praises," which we term The Psalms, is Davidic only if that word be taken as indication that there is a collection of hymns of the sort which the shepherd-boy poet-hero did so well as to bequeath his name through all ages to that literary mode. Beyond any just question, David did indeed write many, possibly eighty of the one hundred and fifty-one. But no one man writes a hymnal, and here we find seven such, covering a period of some hundreds of years. Did Moses compose Psalm 90? Are not 74 and 79 of the Maccabean era? Affirmative answers made to these queries can

only mean that not less than a dozen centuries will be needed to span this portion of the nation's life. The authorship of individual poems must, of the very necessities of such composition, cover wide range; only a smaller part of the whole number can definitely be ascribed. Twenty-nine are announced as of Hezekiah. Twelve each are given under the authority of the Sons of Asaph and of Korah, hereditary music guilds of the temple. Nearly another score are scattering. About 500 B.C., Ezra and Nehemiah, perhaps through their Great Synagogue, gathered and arranged the first four of the seven anthologies which make up the book we love—many who have read the Psalms with no thought at all of aught save their wondrous messages must have noted the formal doxologies which close the various groups, as after 41, 72 and 82, and the book was given the final form it shows about the year 100 B.C. Here are prayers as old (and ever new!) as are humanity's aspirations and griefs and joys, come down to us as the flowering of a long-continued and complex literary growth. Has any other work exerted so profound and extended an influence upon succeeding ages?

* * *

The wonder recurs: How is it that these books, from the many that their days produced, have alone survived? To which another question makes reply: Could there be clearer instance of the survival of the fittest? It was these that were tested and never found wanting. Against these the inescapable attacks of passive neglect and active persecution, of internecine warfare and foreign captivity, of religious differences and tribal jealousies have expended themselves in vain. They endured because they had adequately met man's need through all the centuries. It was not the seal of approval of any official synod which at last gave them standing. Behind that moved irresistibly the sanction of the human heart and soul.

THE OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS in approximately chronological order.

All dates are "suggestive," save the six indicated by *. These are widely accepted as highly probable if not exact.

The eleven books indicated by A are generally held to be wholly by the authors credited in the Bible. The seven marked with PT are in part by the authors so named. Sixteen are by authors unknown.

THE WRITINGS

53

B.C.	1450	Exodus: 17, 20-23; Deut. 12-26; Psalm 90. (by Moses).	
	925	Parts of Samuel: not identified.	PT.
	875	The J writings: parts of Genesis, Exodus, and Numbers.	
	750	The E writings: parts of Genesis, Exodus, and Numbers.	
	750A	Amos.	
	736A	Hosea; and Isaiah: 1-39.	PT.
	730A	Joel; and Micah.	PT.
	650	JE combined; Joshua; Judges.	
	*627A	Zephaniah.	
	625A	Nahum; and later parts of Samuel.	
	*621	Deuteronomy: D. (1-3 were done later; 32, 33 earlier)	
	604-585	Jeremiah. (Baruch did unidentified portions)	PT.
	600A	Habbakuk.	
	*586A	Lamentations.	
	585A	Obadiah.	
	575A	Ezekiel.	
	550	The P writings: parts of Exodus and Numbers and most of Leviticus; Kings.	
	525	JEDP, combined.	
	520A	Haggai; and Zechariah.	PT.
	500	Deutero-Isaiah; and Job.	
	**458PT	Nehemiah; and Ezra.	PT.
	450	Ruth.	
	430A	Malachi.	
	300	Chronicles; and Jonah.	
	230	Song of Songs; and Proverbs (edited).	
	200	Ecclesiastes.	
	*168	Daniel.	
	165	Esther.	
	100	Psalms (edited).	

(NOTE: The total of the books appears to be thirty-six, instead of thirty-nine, because Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles are here referred to as if in each case a single book.)

CHAPTER IV

BETWEEN THE TESTAMENTS

IT needs no Macaulayan schoolboy, these days, to know the history which the Bible tells. Especially is this true of the three generations—Jew and Gentile, Roman and Christian—of which the New Testament holds the undying story. Even the twenty centuries of the Old Testament are realized generally and with some detail: the patriarchal traditions, down to Jacob's passing, "having beheld the glory" of Joseph's power throughout Egypt; the birth of a nation in Exodus; its schooling in the wilderness wanderings; its coming of age, with Jordan crossed and Jericho fallen; the days of the Confederacy, of the Kingdom, of the Schism, of the Captivity, and of the Return. We read it in the folklore of Genesis and the historic annals of Kings, in the ecclesiastical Chronicles, and the hero tales of Judges and of Esther. In the Psalms and the prophets we sense the events which were inspiration to those poems and sermons.

What history lies between the Covenants, however? Willa Cather feels from that five-

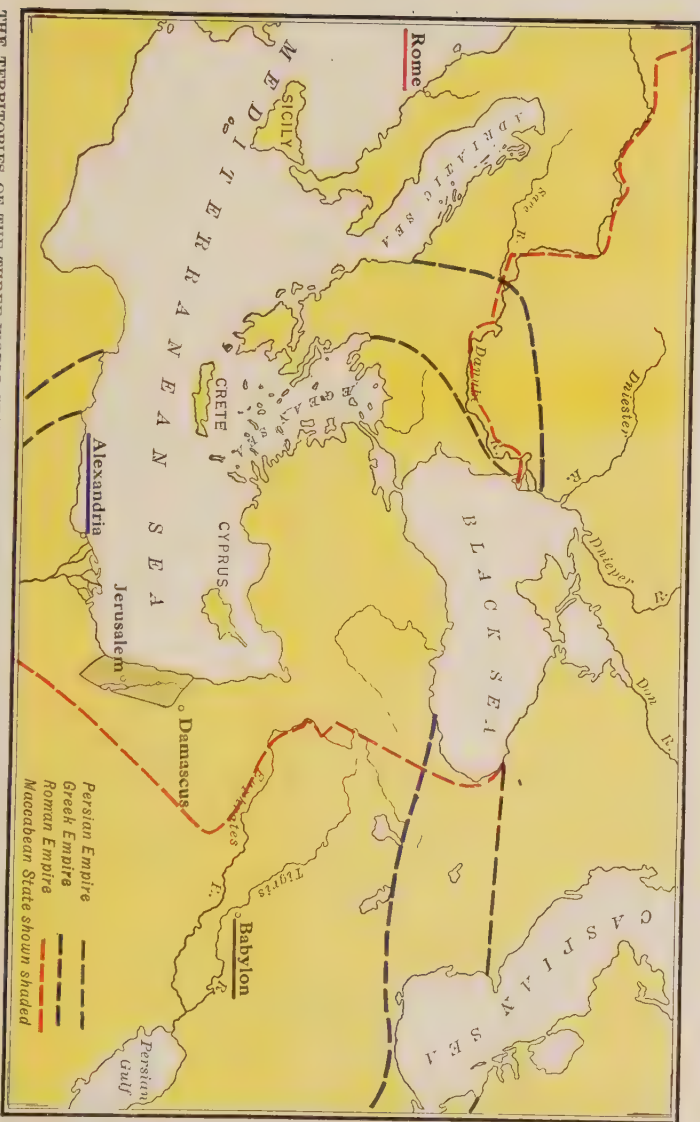
hundred-year hiatus something too deeply moving to be translated into mere words. "It is like the hush of an ebb tide," she writes, "like the dying away of a storm, like the pause which Elijah must have felt between the earthquake, wind, and fire, and the still, small voice." She continues:

The Old Testament closes on a note of gloom and discouragement. Malachi is a fierce and desperate book, with flashes of hope in it but with a quickly recurring despondency. The chastisement of Israel is such an old, old story, and what good does it ever do? Again and again and again the people fall away. In vain do the prophets threaten and rage. What then? Failure, disappointment, chagrin, and bitterness. The long drama is ended. Creating man in his image and loving him with all the passion and power of divinity, Jehovah has failed to win and hold man's loyalty. The tragedy is tremendous. No words can deal with it, only the silence which follows the concluding phrase of Malachi: "lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Yet properly to appreciate the background and atmosphere which set off and enwrapped the most momentous event in all Christian annals, one must know something of the history which reached down from the day of Ezra to the pre-

announced birth of the Baptist. Speaking of it as history, the Old Testament story ends not with Malachi, whose preachment, written in the mid-fifth century B.C., stands as if colophon to the books, but with Ezra and Nehemiah, about 450 B.C. Thence on to Maccabean days we have no specific record of the Hebrews save the rather scanty and wholly unhistoric Josephus. Call it three hundred years—which is as though, in studying English history, we had to depend, from the death of the first Stuart to the premiership of Stanley Baldwin, upon a single scribe, detailed but turgid, colorful but utterly uncritical. However, with the competent chronicles of Persian, Greek, and Roman doings, briefly though finely supplemented by the apocryphal books of Maccabees, and making all possible use, too, of Flavius Josephus, it is not difficult quite inclusively to survey the four periods which definitely divide among themselves the four hundred and fifty years between the Ezra-Nehemiah happenings and the first Christmas.

One begins with the Persian period, opening when the captivity under the Assyrians closed, and carrying forward for something more than two centuries after Cyrus permitted the partial return. Throughout this time, the territories which Old Testament readers know as Judah



THE TERRITORIES OF THE THREE WORLD STATES AND OF THE MACCABEAN KINGDOM, WHICH SUCCESSIVELY SHAPED THE
 "HISTORY BETWEEN THE TESTAMENTS."

and Israel formed, together, rather less than half of the Satrapy of Syria, with Babylon's governor at Susa in full charge. Perhaps exception to this statement is to be made for the years of Nehemiah's authority in Jerusalem, when, to all intents, local administration was authorized, the High Priest being held the responsible head and a Great Synagogue constituted to act as a semi-demi legislative-executive body. Ezra and his colaborer early set these "Elders in Israel" the task of collecting the scattered "Sacred Books" (scrolls they would be, literally), as also of providing for the preservation, orally, of "The Traditions of Moses" or "of the Elders," of which Jesus spoke—precepts of the Law-Giver never to be written down. It was scarce to be called a state, this system which pertained in the earlier portion of the Return days; theocracy would be closer the point and yet not accurate, for imperial Persia was ever back of all. No sense of a really national bond existed, though the ties of religion held, and the confraternity of blood would count, of course. The Jews have always been a race; one cannot envision conditions under which they will cease to be. Only temporarily, however (and briefly, as Dame Clio counts time) have they constituted a nation in the content which the world gives that word.

When Alexander, not yet dubbed "Great," in 333 B.C. crossed from conquered Greece to Asia, to free from Persian control those Greek cities where Paul was one day to preach Christ and John to preside over the churches so organized, he wrote the title-page to the Greek period, to continue till, 166 years later, Mattathais and his sons took into Hebrew hands once more the rule which for so long had lain with foreigners. "Philip's warlike son" personifies as he embodies the wave of Hellenic thought then sweeping the world. His poetic beauty and radiant bravery united to make him for all time one of the great heroes of romantic sort. For a young man scarce in his thirties to hold in eager hands all but all the world then known to civilization has captured the imagination of twenty-three centuries. But behind and beneath this is a something even greater: Alexander's conquests meant the spread of Grecian ideas from the Rhine to the Indus and down to the middle Nile. His battles subjected the world to the Greek spirit, stamped upon a score of nations Greek custom and culture as well as language. Therein lies the vast moulding influence of this pupil of Aristotle's, this student of Homer, so in love with the blind bard as to carry his *Iliad* in the breast of his garment, consulting it as Cromwell did his Bible. With the

Greek tongue thus made dominant throughout the Mediterranean lands, Alexander, all unguessing, dug deep a channel for the spread of the Scriptures, an event which was to transpire in but little more than two generations after the young conqueror first entered Jerusalem.

He had reached the Holy City in 332 B.C., after his conquests of Syria and Phœnicia. Tyre and Gaza held out against him for a time, Gaza so stubbornly, indeed, that he had dispatched word south to Jerusalem commanding that aid be sent him. It was refused—but “The House of Peace” did not suffer at his hands the sharp requital that was to have been expected. When his army advanced upon the city, the High Priest, in the full vestments prescribed through long centuries of colorful tradition—the blue horned headdress, jeweled breastplate, and all—met Alexander without the gates, thus fulfilling, it would seem, some dream dreamt near Platea two years before. It was the conqueror who surrendered. The city was occupied peacefully, Alexander offered sacrifice in the temple, and from that day forth ever allowed special privileges to the Jews, wherever settled in his empire. When “his” Alexandria was rising on the Nile, where

*It flows through old hushed Egypt and her sands,
Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream,*

he made point of inviting a Hebrew colony to settle there.

Lying dead in Babylon at thirty-three, this monarch of a realm far greater than Egypt's had been, or Assyria's, or Persia's, left no direct heir to his sway and glory. His "property"—the world! as one may say—was divided among his four chief generals, the two with whom students of the history "between the testaments" are concerned, being Seleukis and Ptolmey. These took over Syria and Egypt, respectively, and for some century and a half Hebrew chronicles became vitally affected by the contentions of the Seleucidæ and Ptolmaes, to the north and south. Ptolmey Soter, and after him his son Philadelphus, continued consistently Alexander's favored treatment of the Jews, setting apart for them sections of the city where the mighty library already had been founded. If Alexandria was thus to become the focal point of all Greek learning, so, too, were Hebraic influence and teaching especially strong there. It was, in short, the one most fit, even inevitable, place for the translating of Jewry's holy books into Greek: the Septuagint version, so-called, to which is conveniently ascribed the date 250 B.C. A translation of all the Scriptures into the tongue then most widely spoken was a mighty happening—and prophetic!

So there came to be two centers of Judaism. There was Jerusalem, not overly prosperous but, of course, the proper capital of Mosaic ritualism, its only literature the Law and the Prophets, the Hagiographa and the commentaries. And there was Alexandria, admitted capital of Hellenism, with its Greek-speaking Jews welding western culture onto Hebrew autonomy and oriental contemplation. With Grecian art, idolatry (never aught but temporarily quiescent!) once again came forward. With Grecian manners and polish appeared increasing corruption in social life.

Of all these causes were born the sects of the Sadducees and Pharisees. The former, taking their name from Sadoc, founder of their philosophy, aimed at uplifting Hebraic severity in thought and custom with a Hellenism of which intellectuality was the foundation and worldly culture the superstructure. What later ages have come to label free-will was exalted by these reformers till the One God was far removed from his world. Immortality they flatly denied; it was "unreasonable." Here was a cult of the wealthy and luxury-loving, with an especial appeal to youth. The Pharisees, as the name announced, were "The Separated Ones," replying to this challenge by a particularized and emphatic zeal for every least, last, jot and tittle

of Mosaic law and Levitical ritual. They stood for form in everything, even for strictest observance of those oral traditions of the elders. The outward act soon became the one important matter; the spiritual intent was forgotten. Rigorous in its ceremonial, noted for its austerities, Phariseeism grew hard and proud. Piety became a trade. Religion spelt political power. In Jerusalem the Pharisees held the reins of control, though Sadoc's disciples remained dominant in the Jewish community at Alexandria. Wherever Judaism had a foothold, the sectaries of these opposing schools stood rivals, nor were their arguments always confined to verbal tenet and spoken plea.

Palestine (the name now begins to appear, being brought in from Philistia) had become a bone of contention between the gnawing hounds of Syria and Egypt. To change the metaphor, now the upper millstone pressed harder, now the nether, but for near 150 years one land or the other always held suzerain sway. It was a time of plots and counterplots, with officials bribed and honest patriots assassinated; a day of battle, murder, and sudden death. This came to head in the redly bitter eleven years (175-164 B.C.) when the Seleucus Antiochus Epiphanes ruled in the stead of his "Great" father. "Epiphanes" betokened "the

Illustrious," but his Palestinian subjects played on the word and said "Epimanes, The Mad-man," and few have won such full right to a name bestowed in hate and trembling. Ambitious and daring, with some skill at statescraft and generalship, at least in the beginning, Antiochus flares across these (fortunately) brief pages of Levantine history not unlike some earlier Julian. The sensuous love of beauty which had characterized the youth dragged the man down into the depths of sensuality; his mysticism degenerated to grossest superstition, his autocracy too readily took on a shape of bestial cruelty. Aided and abetted by a Hellenized Jew—who had changed his name of Jesus to Jason!—the monarch imported Grecian and Roman paganism. From purchasing support among the religious leaders of Judaism (the High Priesthood was bought outright from a controlled Sanhedrin) he turned aptly to the killing off of such as stood out against his fearful whims. The Mosaic ritual was proscribed, an image of Jupiter set upon the temple's altar, and the sacred scrolls burnt wholesale. Was it not at this black moment that the world lost forever the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel and The Acts of Solomon and the books ascribed to Iddo the Seer and Jasher and the rest of that half-score of which the Old Testament hold

specific reference, but of which not one line has come down to us?

In 168 B.C. began that terrible official persecution of the Jews related in the second book of Maccabees, and so then was written that apocalyptic message of courage and faith in God, which we read under the name of its central figure, Daniel. In this Antiochus Epimanes was figured forth as the little horn which sprang up among the greater horns of the four generals. Strong heartening was needed, surely, for a decree went out that all Hebrews should be compelled to eat swine sacrificed to Jupiter upon a Mosaic altar. At the town of Modin a widowed Jewess and her seven sons refused. When they were put to death by torture, Modin rose in a revolt, which was relentlessly smothered. Again the "religious feast" was attempted, and now a Jew was found to do the Madman's bidding, but as his teeth met in the still steaming flesh, the priest of the place, Mattathias, slew him on the altar steps. The gathered soldiery were attacked, Antiochus' deputy killed, and Mattathias and his sons fled to the hills to raise the banner of revolt. Its white ground bore the legend "Who is like unto thee, O God, among all gods!" and it is from the initials of those Hebrew words—M. K. B. I.—that was born the name of Maccabees.

Thus came the War of Hebrew Independence (167 B.C.), closing an era of 419 years of national servitude; since 586 B.C. the Jews had been under the successive sovereignties of Assyria, Persia, Greece, Egypt and Syria. Judas Maccabeus, one of the four sons, assumed command of the patriot forces, which rose rapidly from a few hundreds to twenty thousand. An initial attack upon them succeeded because launched on the Jewish Sabbath, so the Maccabees relaxed the strict Sabbatical rules enough to allow on that day "defense but not offense." They dealt in surprise attacks, defeated no less than six considerable expeditions sent against them, and won through at last, though Jerusalem's self did not fall to them till 142 B.C.—when was held one of the greatest of all the many great Feasts of Dedication, with the temple courts "cleared of shrubbery which had seemed a very forest."

In the consolidation and reorganization which followed complete success, Simon Maccabee was proclaimed High Priest and Prince, and those offices, hereditary to the house, remained combined. For eighty-eight years, counting on from that flight to the hills, the Maccabean line retained independent power, but in 79 B.C. two young brothers, Hircanus a weakling and Aristobulus a rough, fell aquarreling over the family headship. By then, of course, Rome had come

into almost the full sweep of her power, and her governor in Syria, Antipater, himself a Syrian, thought to take advantage of this civil strife to the south to conquer Palestine for his European masters. Alone he proved unequal to the task, but Rome's prestige had become involved, and Pompey came out at the head of the legions. The result was foregone: Jerusalem fell once again to foreign overlordship. Once again her temple was destroyed—Zerubbabel's temple—and imperial Rome entered upon her sway, the fourth of the historic periods which bridge the gap between the Old Testament narrative and the New.

With Judea reduced, Pompey took Aristobulus back to Italy a hostage, leaving Hyrcanus as High Priest, and Antipater girt with all secular authority. This the new Procurator used constructively, restoring genuine order, furthering progress, and in all ways deserving the favor which soon everywhere was accorded him by the Jews he ruled. In history, however, Antipater will be remembered longest as the father of Herod, Herod I, Herod the Great, who as Governor of Galilee under his father, makes entry on the stage of large events in 47 B.C. In another three years Antipater was poisoned (almost on those very Ides of March when the Caesar was done to death in the Senate House),

and Herod hurried to the world capital to look after his interests. He won over Anthony and Octavius to his claims on the Judean kingship, though his brother Antigonus protested, and returned to begin a forty-year rule. He defeated Antigonus in the field, put away his wife Doris that he might wed Mariamne, daughter of the High Priest Hyrcanus and hence a Maccabean, and felt himself firmly seated on the throne.

His story is well known. Centralized power was solidly confirmed by martial glory but both were stained dark by private crimes. After eleven years with Mariamne he tired of her, had a subservient Sanhedrin convict her of unfaithfulness and she was executed (29 B.C.). Remorse settled upon the King, however, serious illness followed, and he came forth from the sick-room as gloomy, morose, and cruel as we know him to have been. He fostered immorality, introduced alien customs, sapped religious faith, corrupted the priesthood. Thinking then to break down the continuing ill-will of the Jews (an attitude of theirs quite understandable, all things considered) he remitted taxes, beautified Jerusalem, and made Caesarea, the port seventy miles to the west of the Holy City, one of the show-spots of the Mediterranean basin. Still distrust of him continued, fostered like enough by the Pharisees, since Herod was a Sadducee,

and as a last attack upon this opposition the King made proclamation that he would rebuild the temple—raise it, indeed, with a beauty and magnificence such as even Solomon's building had not known. Two years were spent (20–18 B.C.) in collecting materials, ten thousand laborers being employed under the orders of a thousand Levites. Another eighteen months and the porch, Holy Place, and Holy of Holies were completed, though it was eight years before the building of the cloisters was finished, and the last detail of ornamental embellishment had not been set in place until a generation after the crucifixion.

This third temple was, of course, the one that Jesus knew. Solomon's had been destroyed with the city in 586 B.C., after 477 years of unbroken ritual. With the return, some seventy years later, Zerubbabel's plain and simple temple had been pushed to completion in but little more than twelve months. Forty-five years after Pompey had destroyed this, Herod rebuilt. And splendid was his work. On the highest level of the natural rocky platform stood the temple proper, divided as Levitical instruction had decreed, and covered with golden plates, shining so meteorlike in the rays of the sun as to make it difficult for the eye to rest upon them. On the second level, a dozen steps below, spread the Court of the

Priests, with its great laver and the altar of burnt offering. Three flights yet further down was the Court of the Israelites, with the houses of the priests, the various offices and the hall of the Sanhedrin. Fourteen steps more brought one down into the Court of the Gentiles—hardly regarded as a part of the temple, open to men of all nations, a sort of exchange and market place. Yet on this King Herod had lavished expense. Thus is it described by Dixon, in his *Holy Land*:

Cloisters ran round the wall on the inner side, sustained on rows of columns exquisitely wrought, the capitals being ornamented with the acanthus and waterleaf as in the famous Tower of the Winds. West, north and east these columns were in three rows; on the south they were in four. The floor made a shaded walk, like the collonade in Venice, and the roof an open walk, like the Gallery of Genoa. The pavement was inlaid with marbles of many colors. Leading into this court from the city and the country were many noble gates; one of these on the eastern side, facing the Mount of Olives, was called "Solomon's Porch," and a second near by it was called "The Beautiful Gate."

Herod's closing years were filled with plots, treacheries, poisonings and executions, almost his final official act being that wild attempt to annul the decree of Heaven itself with wholesale

blood: the Massacre of the Innocents. His own bodily sufferings were so intense that death itself must have come as a relief (3 B.C.).

The New Testament narrative opens, chronologically, with that little "Great" Herod in power, but the brief years of the Master's ministry, closed with the Resurrection and Ascension (to give the lie to Calvary), lay in the reign of Pontius Pilate. Between the two, Herod II had ruled as Rome's Tetrarch, Herod Antipas, "that fox," as Jesus dubbed him. All of which brings one on to what John Mark has named "The Beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

CHAPTER V

HOW THE NEW TESTAMENT BOOKS WERE WRITTEN AND ASSEMBLED

WHEN one turns, with his queries of “By whom?” and “When?” to the twenty-seven books which enfold the pledges and principles of what Paul termed the “New Covenant,” he faces a problem very different from that offered by the Old. Those earlier Scriptures, their subject matter covering some two thousand years, were perhaps seven hundred in the writing. The Scriptures from Matthew’s gospel through The Revelation of John the Divine, cover only an almost exact century in their events, related or implied, and the writing was done in scarce more than two generations. The beginning was made about the year 45 and 125 saw it finished, though the fourth century was to be all but past before canonicity had defined the second Testament.

In the matter of the dates to be ascribed to the writing of this book, that, or the other (a detail usually less interesting than the one of authorship, yet always important to the stu-

dent), it is often no more a question than between one year or the next, with the difference in no case rising above a dozen years, whereas in a like examination of the Old Testament one states a "convenient year" to be taken as indicative of a half century, or of an approximate quarter century at best. Only in six instances of thirty-six—Deuteronomy, Lamentations, Daniel, Zephaniah, Ezra, and Nehemiah—may anything exact be set down. Again as to authorship, the New Testament offers a relatively straightforward problem. Practically all the discussion in this regard centers about the fourth gospel and The Revelation. The latter, indeed, is one of only five books in the twenty-seven of unascertained authorship; the others being Hebrews, James, II Peter, and Jude. If the gospels of Matthew and John are not beyond debate by those disciples, they at least may be set down as their work "of moral surety." The remaining twenty writings are by the authors of their titles' announcing as assuredly as anything can be of nineteen hundred years standing.

The "making" of these books was both unconscious and unintended. The schoolboy "howler" running: "When Mr. Thackeray began to write *Vanity Fair* he did not intend a masterpiece," might be paraphrased appropriately in this connection. None of the evangelists was aware that

he was setting down what was to become part of a new Bible. Neither Peter nor Paul, neither James nor Jude, thought for an instant that his epistle would some day be incorporated in an extension of "The Law and The Prophets." It is entirely safe to say that throughout the first century and more of our era no Christian imagined he was watching the inditing and slow but inevitable assembling of the textbook of the new faith. Nothing of the kind seemed needed. Was not the second coming of The Christ expected confidently and soon?—"at evening or at midnight, at cockcrow or in the morning." Then, too, the Apostolic Church held the writings from Genesis through Malachi to be not only authoritative but complete. Jesus had quoted from them in support and explanation of his mighty works; so had his disciples. "It is written," they had said again and again, and each reference had been to the Scriptures.

The first seedlings of the new writings were the Logia, or Sayings, of the Master or of some of his immediate followers, kept as one now might keep a cherished memorandum. A number of such have been found. Two read:

Jesus saith: Wherever there are two they are not without God, and where there is only one, I say I am with him.

Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I.

At Oxyrinchus, in Egypt, Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt came upon this, written on the back of a land surveyor's list of measurements:

Jesus saith: Let not him who seeks cease until he find, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest. The kingdom of heaven is within you, and whosoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourselves, and ye shall know that ye are the sons of the father, and ye shall know that you are in the city of God, and ye are the city.

In its earlier form the Gospel of Matthew doubtless was of just this kind. Papias, the Apostolic Father, who knew Philip and probably was a disciple of John, has written that Matthew "composed the Logia of the Lord in the Hebrew tongue." Tradition has it that, in 45, at the time of the dispersal of the disciples after the martyrdom of James (in 44), he who had been the publican Levi, intending to go into Etheopia where he, in turn, was to meet violent death, was besought by his friends and followers to set to paper all the Sayings of Jesus. For this reason, the recalled words of the Founder of Christianity are given more fully in the gospel

which we name Matthew's than in any other. These probably disconnected Logia, however, the world has lost; whatever manuscript there was has disappeared and all copies of it, but before its destruction, probably between 70 and 80, some unknown Christian historian used it as the basis of a full telling of Jesus' life. It is this which has come through the years to us, a gospel "according to" Matthew, and to all intents "his." Though Papias declared Matthew's original Dicta were written in Hebrew, the book we have is in Greek, as are all its fellows in that Testament. And it is quite clear why that tongue of Alexander was used. Aramean was the common language of Palestine, Latin was spoken by the world rulers of the time, but Greek was the *lingua franca*, the speech used by respectable folk in all quarters of the ancient world.

Our New Testament really began with the epistles—"letters" in a precise sense. The scattered bodies which together made up the Apostolic Church were faced with various and immediate needs, and to help them in these passes the great first missionaries wrote in admonition or advice to the communities they had visited. Such epistles would of course be read at the Assemblies, on Sunday mornings; they would quite take the place of the sermon

of today. More than this, they probably would be loaned to some near-by church and there read again. Which might compel a gradual multiplying of copies and certainly would mean a spreading fame of the preachment.

It was Paul who started this, with the first of those thirteen marvellous writings, of which it is well said: "Where Peter looked back for authority, and John forward for inspiration, Paul looked inward." The need for letters seems not to have arisen until, accompanied by Silas, he had started on his second tour. While at Corinth, in 51, he wrote I Thessalonians, which thus became the earliest of the New Testament books, in the form we now possess. The same year Galatians was written, perhaps from Ephesus, and in 52 a second epistle was indited to the Thessalonica Christians. In 52 and 53, from Ephesus and from Troas, letters were sent to Corinth; of the three which would appear to have been written, only two have survived. In 54 was done Romans, the longest and most thoughtful expression of the writer's philosophy; "the most profound work in existence," announced Coleridge.

A man's letters stand index to him, and Paul's are the sincerest ever penned. Rugged and irregular in style but of enduring force and vigor, they rise in their best portions to tower-

ing peaks of ethical and rhetorical beauty. Not one but is compelling in its earnestness, and though most of them are given over to doctrinal discussion, yet, taken as a whole, they perform a labor greater than that done by Dante and Milton and Bunyan combined. For it was the Pauline epistles which tore Christianity free from Hebraic fetters, making it a religion for all mankind for all time to come. Even more might be affirmed than sounds in Robert Norwood's beautiful sonnet:

*Within the tower of eternal Time,
Great names are hung, and each is like a bell,
Heard through the distant harmonies that swell
To clear, melodious intervals of chime:
Immortal names of those who stood sublime
Where others faltered, turned aside, or fell;
Who took no pledges from the hand of Hell,
Brave on the path which only heroes climb.
And of these tones that from Time's tower fall,
Pealing the ages by, one through the chord
Carries the music of a great refrain—
Hark! how its melody on earth is poured
In silver tumult, as of summer rain—
O dominant, persistent name of Paul!*

The first imprisonment of this "Apostle to the Gentiles" was for a little more than two years, beginning in 61. During that time he sent from

Rome letters to the young churches at Colossa, at Ephesus, and at Philippi. The date for all may be given as 62, in which same year Philemon was written, one of four purely personal messages of the man. The two to Timothy and that to Titus were inscribed during the second imprisonment (67), which closed with the execution outside the Ostian Gate of the Imperial City. Truly could he say: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished the course. I have kept the faith."

If Matthew led the evangels with his Logia, Mark is recognized by all scholars as oldest in existing form. There is no doubt as to the author. He was the "John Mark," often mentioned, albeit never in his own book. Not of the Twelve, he was an enthusiastic follower of Jesus and may have been of the Seventy, as tradition affirms. For yet other reasons he was in the way of getting much first-hand information as to the events of those greatest three years of our era; he was cousin to Barnabas and his mother's home seems to have been a rendezvous of the Apostolic company. After the crucifixion, Mark became companion to Peter, or, better, a sort of amanuensis, for of him Papias wrote: "Mark having become the interpreter of Peter, wrote down accurately whatsoever he remembered, but without recording in order all that he



ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΤΟ ΛΟΥ
ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗ ΠΡΟΣ ΤΙΤΟΝ
ΤΗΣ ΚΡΗΤΩΝ ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΣ
ΠΡΩΤΟΝ ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΝ
ΧΕΙΡΟΤΟΝΗΘΕΝΤΑ
ΕΓΡΑΦΗ ΑΠΟ ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΕΩΣ
ΤΗΣ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΙΑΣ, ΣΤΙΧ' 92



ΕΓΡΑΨΑ ΚΑΙ ΕΞΕΘΕΜΗΝ..

ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟ ἘΝ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΙΑΝΤΊ
ΓΡΑΦΟΨΤΗΣ ΒΙΒΛΙΟΘΗΚΗΣ
ΤΟΥ ἈΓΙΟΥ ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΥ.....

THE OPENING LINES FROM THE OLDEST KNOWN MANUSCRIPT OF PAUL'S EPISTLE TO TITUS (CIRCA 530). IT ANNOUNCES TITUS AS "FIRST BISHOP OF THE CRETANS" AND PAUL AS WRITING FROM NICOPOLIS, IN MACEDONIA.

told as said or done by Christ." His gospel, then, might be named Peter's "Memorabilia," and surely it holds many a vivid touch, caught from the venerable disciple's accounts of all he had seen, which go far toward authenticating that source—as, for a single instance, the intimate detail worked into the story of the three-fold denial, along with the note of personal humiliation which sounds through it. It was done at Rome, to judge from internal evidence, and in Greek. If the generally accepted year was 72, it was only four years before its writer would be martyred at Alexandria, where he had just founded a church.

Authorities are convinced that the twelve final verses (9-20) are not of Mark's composition, but the why of this is beyond present proof. Was the eighth verse of that sixteenth chapter the closing one?

And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any man; for they were afraid.

It is an abrupt ending, certainly. If Mark wrote more was it broken off at this point by accident, with some anonymous writer rounding out the chronicle merely that it might be rounded out? Or was the alteration in the original

manuscript intended?—have we here evidence of the lengths to which those rival schools of thought as to “Resurrection” would go to give weight to a point? In this same connection, it is interesting to read the four sentences given in the Freer MS, and there only, as falling between verses 15 and 16 of that last of Mark’s chapters. Jesus had upbraided his disciples for their unbelief, and (the Freer document proceeds):

And they excused themselves, saying that this age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, who, through the agency of unclean spirits, suffers not the true power of God to be apprehended. For this cause, said they unto the Christ, reveal now at once thy righteousness. Jesus said unto them: the limit of the years of the power of Satan is not fulfilled, but it draweth near. For the sake of those that have sinned was I given up unto death, that they may return unto the truth and sin no more, but may inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in heaven.

After which comes the familiar “And these signs shall follow them that believe,” etc.

Note, finally, that where Matthew repeated Jesus’ sayings, and where John explained what the Master meant, Mark directly and dramatically recites his doings. Here is a gospel

about Jesus, rather than a summary of his teachings. It is the story of a career, not the brief of a philosophy. It is a sermon-in-deeds.

Luke (Lucanus), a Greek both by birth and education, was the only non-Jew among the New Testament writers. Clearly he was a great humanist; cultured and artistic. Renan thought his Greek the most beautiful ever written. He was a born observer of men from the careful way in which he ever captures those details which make characters live, and was by very nature a historian, too, both in his power of repression and gift of detachment. His gospel was composed after Matthew's and Mark's, for he draws upon both of these. "Somewhere between 72-80" may be asserted. But what other source had he? It is Luke only who tells of the watching "shepherds abiding in the fields" by night. He alone gives the parables of the lost sheep, and the lost coin, and the prodigal son, all in that marvellous chapter 15. Had he this material from Paul?—with whom he traveled for some time, after they had met at Troas.

From chapter 12 forward Luke's Book of the Acts is based avowedly and beyond doubt upon his personal observations. Here the historic method rises to fine heights. The tale marches swiftly, the portraiture is compellingly lifelike. Whoever the "most excellent" Theophilus was,

to whom were directed the gospel and this writing, pendant to it and done immediately after, he assuredly was "most fortunate," as well.

No one question regarding the New Testament has stirred more discussion and awakened more difference of opinion than "Who wrote the fourth gospel?" Scholars of experience and standing, led to that conclusion by what they hold to be the metaphysics of the book, have taken the ground that it is a late second century work, written probably from Alexandria. A greater number, however, accept that John, the apostle, is not only the "beloved disciple" of the three synoptic gospels but also the "beloved disciple" who earned the gratitude of the centuries by bequeathing us these twenty-one wonderful chapters. They are convinced, in other words, of the essential accuracy of the "Muratorian Fragment," now preserved at Milan. This is a script written in 170 by Irenaeus, the Greek bishop of Lyons, who, as a boy had studied under Polycarp, who had sat at the feet of John himself. It states that the Christian elders at Ephesus had urged John to write the book and that he had acceded to their request; further, that he lived until the accession of the emperor Trajan (98). If the accuracy and authority of this be granted, it is final reply to all queries: John the disciple did write the gospel under

his name, from Ephesus, and in the mid-nineties of the first century.

The youthful Gallilean peasant lad, one of "The Sons of Thunder," who would have called down fire upon the heads of those who opposed his Master and who outran Peter to the empty tomb that first Easter morn, had come to be the patriarch of the infant church—ever looking back, one must think, upon those wonder-years when he had beheld His glory, "the glory as of the only begotten, full of grace and truth."

*I'm growing very old. This weary head,
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast
In days long by that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with the weight of years.
I'm old, so old, I cannot recollect
The faces that I meet in daily life,
But that dear Face and every word He spake
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and the holy dead
More than the living.*

Hence came, then, this Gospel of an Old Man's Memories.

It is no compilation, as was each of the synoptic stories, but original throughout, dominated by a great personality, who had meditated so long and so deeply on the truths here set forth that they have everywhere become recast, as it

were, in his own experience, bear everywhere the traces of his genius. This literally unique figure, from whom must have flowed so spiritual an effluence, wrote what, in the last analysis, is a dogmatic treatise. It is concerned with the spiritual life, not the earthly. It has to do but passingly with the concrete; its chief concern is with the abstract. Or shall one better say that it seeks ever to merge the material fact in the author's spiritual philosophy?

The first of the three Johnine epistles is quite surely the covering letter for this gospel, directed to the church at large, from Ephesus, and (say) in the year 96. The second and third letters are of entirely personal sort, and contain nothing to aid the student in ascertaining either the dates for their writing or the places from which they were sent. They are admittedly John's.

Coming to the book of The Revelation, one finds all the evidence opposed to this same John (the apostle) as author. It is announced, in the first place, as by "John the Divine," and the Beloved Disciple never was so-called so far as any extant record goes to show. Again, it is written in a style and animated by a thought utterly and basically different from those which show in the two books, the Gospel and the First Epistle, indited at exactly the same time: 95 and

96. If from the same hand, then the man was wholly rapt out of his self—the inspiration of the vision had wrought complete and sweeping change in every detail of idea or expression. Furthermore, and this of itself carries well nigh conclusive weight, the prolonged hesitancy to admit The Revelation into the canon is proof of at least the doubt held through the earliest Christian centuries of apostolic authorship.

If, though, there remains question as to the writer, there can be none as to the time of the writing. Assuredly it was in those years (95 and 96) of Domitian's fearful second persecution of "the Saints and Brethren," when it was above all things imperative that those subjected to so fiery a testing should be heartened; they must be told again that "God Himself will wipe away all tears." And that encouragement came from a great poet. If he had, perforce, to veil his meaning from all eyes not schooled in the colorful ciphers of apocalyptic literature, he yet was to enwrap his unforgettable symbolism in immemorial beauty. His allegories swirl confusingly to present-day readers, his ecstatic pictures are too blurred often for our ready understanding, but even so a few things stand clear. The Revelator is not foretelling events yet to come, his parables are all of Rome's persecutings and of Nero—dead for a generation, yet reputed

as somehow still living and horribly at work in the world. The message comes: Do not fear great Rome, for soon she shall have real woe of her own. Nor fear the attacks from the Phari-saical leaders in Jerusalem, who tomorrow shall be so troubled by Rome that they no longer will trouble you. And hold your faith: Jesus Christ is above all earthly emperors.

As has been said, The Revelation is one of five New Testament books of unknown authorship, the others being the epistles entitled as of Jude, II Peter, James, and to the Hebrews. The date of the last-named is granted: the year 80. But by whom is it? When the translators of the Authorized Version set down the caption "of Paul the Apostle," they but followed the lead of Jerome who in the seventh century had thus followed Clement, Bishop of Rome. But Origen, of Alexandria, a greater scholar than Clement and in other respects as sound an authority, said: "Who wrote this letter only God knows." The book's concept of faith is wholly unlike Paul's. Research has made many suggestions, Clement himself being one of these. Calvin thought the beauty of the Greek text indicated Luke. Luther favored Apollos as writer. Barnabas has been proposed, and Prisca and Aquila—this last ingenious but doubtful supposition having first been advanced by Harnack, who

found something so delicately persuasive in the letter that he felt a woman's hand must have been behind it.

The General Epistle of James is the New Testament parallel to the Old Testament Wisdom Book; it is in letter form, to be sure, but is wholly sententious. Its maxims make it a very classic of Christian ethics. But by what James? It cannot be Peter's brother, for he was done to death in Jerusalem in 44, and this writing was quite certainly set to paper not before 80. Nor was it, for like reasons, the son of Alpheus nor the son of Cleopas. Was it James "the Just," first Bishop of Jerusalem? Perhaps; but no data appears on which final judgment may be formed. Whoever he was, though, he was sharply keen for the practical in life. He valued orthodoxy but had scant patience for theology. "Works judgeth the man," is his text and touchstone. The Sermon on the Mount is his background.

Jude has come from "the brother of James," declares its opening sentence. Again, then, one must ask: "What James?" and again no definite answer is forthcoming. We do know, however, that little has been written against those who preach freedom and practice license which is as good as this, and nothing which is better. The year 80 is close to the date of composition.

Mere casual reading shows II Peter a rewriting of this Jude, with a preface and a closing exhortation added. Here, beyond reasonable question, is the latest done of the New Testament books; a second century letter it is, done by some good Christian, earnest to correct ill conditions—but it was not Peter. The date may be set at 125.

First Peter on the other hand, assuredly is the disciple's own, sent out from his Roman prison in 66. In *Quo Vadis* the great Sienkiewicz has drawn for us the pictures of the Neronian persecution which opened in 64, the twelve-month of the capitol's burning, and it was this which impelled Peter to urge steady faith and strengthening hope upon the suffering:

But and if ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled. For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing, than for evil doing.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you:

But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings.

It was a short two years later, in 68, and just before the suicide of an emperor whose name

stands synonym for all bestial cruelty, that befell the double martyrdom of Paul and Peter. And how in character with the picturesque and impulsive humility of Andrew's brother was that inverted crucifixion in the circus arena!

As year followed year and the awaited Second Coming came not—as one by one the great eye-witnesses of great events passed away—the writings they had left became increasingly precious. The Old Testament was highly prized, but the epistles and gospel-stories seemed more practically valuable. Moreover, incorrect and even viciously perverted writings here and there were coming into vogue. So the church authorities realized some “canon” pronouncement was called for, and in 397, at Carthage, such an one was reached, sealing with official approval the twenty-seven books that today comprise our New Testament, and in the same order as that in which we read them.

So came into formal, final being what is the most precious of all books to all Christians. As the Old Testament did not create Judaism, but Judaism the Old Testament, so this New Testament had not created Christianity, which already was two decades old when Paul wrote the first of his letters to the Thessalonians. There had been no pre-devised plan for the book; its parts had come into being in response

to the definite needs of local church bodies. Through some seventy-five years, bit by bit, it had grown in answer to humanity's want, like that grain of mustard seed

which a man took, and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in its branches.

* * *

The Bible is as a great temple, twenty centuries in the building. Canon Liddel pictures it:

The Old Testament is the nave with its side aisles of psalms and prophecy. The gospels are the choir, and John's Gospel the very sanctuary, while around and behind are the epistles and the Apocalypse, a chancel ambulatory, each supplying an indispensable feature to the majestic whole.

God give us grace not only to love its beauty, but to walk and worship there.

THE NEW TESTAMENT BOOKS in approximately chronological order.

All dates are "suggestive," save the five indicated *. These are very generally accepted as exact.

The twenty-one books marked A are usually held as wholly by the authors credited in the Bible. The gospel named after Matthew is an amplification (by an unknown) of the Logia of the Apostle. Five books are by authors unknown.

A.D.	**51	I Thessalonians; and Galatians.	AA
	*52	II Thessalonians.	A
	52-53	I and II Corinthians.	AA
	54	Romans.	A
	62	Colossians; and Ephesians.	AA
	62	Philippians; and Philemon.	AA
	*66	I Peter.	A
	67	I and II Timothy; and Titus.	AAA
	70-72	Gospel of Mark.	A
	70-80	Gospel of Matthew: "Logia" of 45 its basis.	PT.
	72-80	Gospel of Luke.	A
	*80	Hebrews.	
	80-87	The Acts of the Apostles.	A
	80-90	James; and Jude.	
	95-96	Gospel of John.	A
	96	I Epistle of John.	A
	?	II and III Epistles of John.	AA
	96	Revelation of "John the Divine."	
	125	II Peter.	

It is sometimes asked: What is the oldest Biblical original we have?—to which the best brief reply is the exclamation of the up-country farmer, looking at the giraffe, at his first circus: "There ain't no sich animul!" The youngest of the Old Testament writings ("youngest," that is, in the form in which we possess it) is

the book of the Psalms, produced not far from 100 B.C. Quite certainly the youngest of the New Testament's inclusion is II Peter, usually ascribed to (*circa*) A.D. 125. But the most ancient of the manuscripts in the hands of present-day students was indited more than a century later than even this last: 331 is its probable date.

At that, we are far better off in this regard than the 1611 translators, who produced the matchless King James Version. They had not a line written prior to A.D. 800, while we have four dozen codices and scrolls anterior to that. Where they could go back no further than the ninth century of the Christian Era, we possess six authorities of the eighth century, two of the seventh, twenty of the sixth, seventeen of the fifth, and three of the fourth. These last are:

(1) The so-called Codex B, now in the Vatican Library, at Rome, where it has lain since 1475 at latest, though it was not examined by competent scholarship till the nineteenth century. It is believed to be one of fifty Greek transcriptions, known to have been executed for the Emperor Constantine, under the direction of Eusebius, in 331.

(2) Codex Aleph, another of this Eusebius series; incomplete. It was in Petrograd when the Bolshevik revolution came to wage war on

God and religion—so where it is now is a matter more of hope than even guesswork.

(3) Forty-three sheets from a third of the 331 “issue,” preserved at Leipsic.

The British Museum (London) owns the Codex Alexandrinus, produced about 425. Charles I received it in 1632 as a gift from the then Patriarch of Constantinople. There is a palimpsest Old Testament, titled Codex C, in the Biblioteque Nationale, Paris, which cannot be of much later date than the Alexandrinus.

CHAPTER VI

SOME APOCHRYPHAL BOOKS

IT was both proper and inevitable that formally official canons of the Testaments should have been established. In every way it was desirable that a standard be set in the matter of Scriptural texts—and the “canon” is such an authority, the word coming, transliterated, from the Greek *kanon*, meaning “a rod or rule”; hence criterion. The Great Synagogue of Ezra and Nehemiah had taken a long first step in this direction, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, when, about 450 B.C., with the Holy Books scattered and much creeping in which clearly was of lower sort, they set apart the Law and the Prophets as of certified standing. As has been seen, however, the twenty-seven books thus established (so to say), by no means included all of compelling worth; with the passing of the years it became increasingly evident that a third group must be added to these. So came the action at Jamnia, taken by the Synod of 99–100.

What once was the city of Jabneh (Jabneel,

to give it the oldest name of all), on the plain of Philistia, had long been an important center of Hebraic learning, and when Jerusalem was destroyed the Sanhedrin had moved there. It was this body, including the foremost Jewish leaders and scholars from all the Levant, which debated and determined the status of some twenty-six books, ultimately accepting an even dozen as canonical, under the general title of "The Writings" (Hagiographa). This meant that approval was refused to fourteen others. Esther, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Solomon were those on which opinions most differed, the Greek-speaking synagogues, in the main, upholding the claims of all five, with the Palestinian members inclined to bar the two last named. And Palestine had its way, in the end.

It was the third general council of the young Church, held at Carthage in 397, which did a like work for the New Testament. At that time throughout the Christian world support was unanimous for only a score of the twenty-seven books we now know as in the new canon: namely, the four gospels, thirteen epistles of Paul, and those we read as I John and I and II Peter. The Book of the Acts, the letters to the Hebrews and those of Jude and James, The Revelation of John, two epistles ascribed to the

Beloved Disciple, and the Shepherd of Hermas—these all were brought under discussion. Only the Shepherd of Hermas was rejected at last, though The Revelation and the Epistle to the Hebrews had a hard fight of it to get in. To this day the Greek Orthodox Church does not accept The Revelation.

Let it be repeated that these decisions, at Jamnia and at Carthage, did not so much determine which of all possible writings were of true inspiration, judging from the books themselves, as they laid official sanction upon those which through long years most surely had been approved by numberless readers. To put an important fact another way, here were council pronouncements, but they were based, in the final analysis, on what already had been determined by the great heart of humankind, which, feeling out after the Truth, had found it.

The books which had been set aside at these times, not included in the canons because not measuring up fully to what was felt to be a standard, at first were classed as *Genuzim*, or "The Hidden." It was Jerome, soon after the Carthage gathering, who proposed the word *Apocrypha*, which is the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew "Hidden." Its content of "the mysterious" implies "of uncertain origin." In the phrase "There is nothing hid which shall

not be made manifest," the "hid" is "apocrypha." Today's understanding of the adjective, as "so very uncertain as to amount to a lie," is of recent development. All that the councils meant was: "We do not approve these books for the reason that they have not compellingly enough approved themselves. We must assume, then, that they are somewhat lacking in inspiration. Assuredly their origins are less certain. So we place them a few steps down from the canonical high altar. 'One star differeth from another star in glory.'"

Three of the fourteen books in the Old Testament Apocrypha are of historical kind, a half dozen are to be classed as legendary, one apocalyptic, and two each are of prophetic and "Wisdom" sort.

The two books of Maccabees are fine history, not less. One understands Luther's wish that they might have been admitted to the canon, for he reads narrative no whit inferior to the best of that which lies within the literary confines of Samuel and Kings. Some of the battle pieces of those years of the War of Hebrew Independence (175-161 B.C. is the period with which these writings deal) at times are confused, to be sure, but they catch the veritable atmosphere of the rude, rough day. The authors—Jason of Cyrene following some anonymous Jerusa-

lemite—leave with their readers an impression both definite and vivid. First Esdras is almost as sound a piece of work. It is a reconstruction, in Greek, of Ezra, telling the tales of Judah from the reign of good King Josiah on through the national reorganization after the Return from Babylon. It should be read along with Nehemiah's and Ezra's memoirs as we have them in the books beneath their names. In the third and fourth of these nine chapters is detailed a pleasant happening, concluding with a striking word-picture of truth. King Darius has prompted three youths to compete for a prize—to declare and describe the strongest thing on earth. One asserts: Wine. A second (doubtless a courtier): The King. And the third: Women—"but above all things truth beareth away the victory." What he finds to say to his self-proposed toast of "The Ladies" is piquant enough, but he closes upon a note as fine as high:

Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, and such are all their wicked works; and there is no truth in them; in their unrighteousness also shall they perish.

As for truth it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore. . . .

With truth there is no accepting of persons or rewards.

Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, power, and majesty of all ages.

Blessed be the God of truth.

At which, we are told, the people shouted and the monarch here bestowed his prize.

Of the writings not unfairly to be called legendary, two are very generally known: Judith, and Susanna and the Elders. The one is absurdly "off" in its names and dates and all geographical details, but it would be difficult to find a better hero story. The justice so redly meted out to Holofernes by the beautiful Judith has proved a subject of appeal to poets for almost as long as the age of this first telling of the tale, in the early second century. The Greek and Latin versions of the Bible retain this, indeed; setting it just before the book of Esther—to whom Judith is own sister. How "a Daniel come to judgment" saved Susanna and confounded her lecherous accusers is as familiar to us as are that same prophet's adventures in the lion's den and the furnace "heated seven times hotter than it was wont." Daniel figures, too, in the books of The Three Holy Children and Bel and the Dragon: the one a mere fragment, claiming right to be inserted between verses 23 and 24 of Daniel 3, and the other the recital of how it was proved to King Nebuchadnezzar that Bel's

priests were themselves eating the food set before that idol. It adds nothing to our appreciations either of the court of Babylon or the picturesque prophet. Nor do the six chapters given as Additions to Esther in the least improve that novel. Tobit is a romance of the captivity period, written, however, not long before the birth of Jesus. It deals entertainingly with certain healings wrought by snake-powder, whatever that is, and tells how to drive off the devil by smoke—possibly the first recorded instance of carrying coals to Newcastle.

The Prayer of Manassas and Baruch are two writings in the prophetic mode. The one is so distinctly inferior, alike in manner and matter, that it was one of only three apochryphal books (I and II Esdras being the others) not accepted by the Catholic Council of Trent (1546). If, in the second case, Jeremiah's scribe indited the book here attributed to him, inveighing against idolatry, he proved himself at very least a most uneven writer. This, though, bears all the marks of fourth century work.

Second Esdras treads in apocalyptic paths. The writer talks with an angel, asks searching questions, receives recondite replies, sees visions of lions and eagles and supermen, and hears pronounced the dooms of those nations which worship not God—in the midst of which

comes some finely "purple" writing, as this (in 6:1-6):

And he said unto me, in the beginning when the earth was made, before the borders of the world stood, or ever the winds blew; before it thundered and lightnined, or ever the foundations of paradise were laid; before the fair flowers were seen, or ever the movable powers were established; before the innumerable multitude of angels were gathered together, or ever the heights of the air were lifted up; before the measures of the firmament were named, or ever the chimneys in Zion were hot; and ere the present years were sought out, or ever the intentions of them that now sin were turned; before they were sealed that have gathered Faith for a treasure: I then did consider these things, and they all were made through me alone, and through none other: by me also they shall be ended, and by none other.

The Ecclesiasticus of "Jesus, son of Sirach," is noteworthy. If its didactic couplets are less familiar to us than those of Proverbs, if its poetry falls far below that of mighty Job, none the less, alike in form and ethics, must it be set not with the least worthy in the honorable company of Wisdom Books. Quotation from it is easy because of its characteristic sententiousness, but quotation does scant justice to the biblical feel-

ing, always helpful, sometimes finely inspirational, which comes from a reading of whole chapters. In the verses which follow one constantly catches indubitable echoes of Proverbs and (more faintly) of Job:

Who can number the sand of the sea, and the drops of rain, and the days of eternity?

Who can find out the height of heaven, and the breadth of the earth, and the deep, and wisdom?

The word of God most high is the fountain of wisdom; and her ways are everlasting commandments.

* * *

Set not thine heart upon goods unjustly gotten; for they shall not profit thee in the day of calamity.

Winnow not every wind, and go not into every way: for so doth the sinner that hath a double tongue.

* * *

Sweet language will multiply friends: and fair-speaking will increase kind greetings.

Be in peace with many: nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.

For some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

* * *

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith; and he that hath fellowship with a proud man shall be like to him.

Harden not thyself above thy power while thou livest; and have no fellowship with one that is mightier and richer than thyself: for how agree the kettle and the earthen pot together?

* * *

A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gait, shew what he is.

* * *

In three things I was beautified, and stood up beautiful before God and men: the unity of brethren, the love of neighbors, and a man and wife that agree together.

Three sorts of men my soul hateth, and I am greatly offended at their life: a poor man that is proud, a rich man that is a liar, and an old adulterer that doateth.

* * *

As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling.

* * *

All things that are of the earth shall turn to the earth again: and that which is of the waters doth return into the sea.

The bits of Wisdom attributed to Solomon came out of Alexandria some time later than 150 B.C., but they are of no less worth by whomsoever done. They have special interest, too, in that

they comprise an answer to the reiterated question of Ecclesiastes: instead of "the same event cometh to the good and the bad," one catches clearly the teaching that a noble life is immortal, though "the wages of sin is death."

For God made not death, neither delighteth he when the living perish. Righteousness is immortal and unrighteousness is the obtaining of death.

And here and there through these nine chapters one finds—

God created all things, that they might have their being: and the generations of the world were healthful: and there is no poison of destruction in them.

* * *

An honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by the number of years.

But wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

* * *

Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen know him that is: neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the workmaster;

But deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the



A WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION, FOR THE BOOK OF THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON,
IN THE MALERMI BIBLE, ISSUED FROM VENICE IN 1490.

lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world.

With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods: let them know how much better the Lord of them is: for the first author of beauty hath created them.

* * *

Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

To turn now to Carthage. Of the two dozen writings which failed of approval at that synod, four seem not traditional merely but of that folklore sort which all but inevitably springs up about the truly great, long after the events they pretend to relate as if at close first hand. The eight chapters of the Gospel of the Birth of Mary (of which Jerome owned a copy with the authorship attributed to Matthew) is of this kind, as a characteristic extract will suggest:

And when three years were expired, and the time of her weaning complete, they brought the Virgin to the Temple of the Lord with offerings.

And there were about the Temple, according to the fifteen Psalms of degrees, fifteen stairs to ascend.

* * *

The parents of the blessed Virgin and infant Mary put her upon one of these stairs;

But while they were putting off their clothes, in which they had travelled, and according to custom putting on some that were more neat and clean,

In the mean time the Virgin of the Lord in such a manner went up all the stairs one after another, without the help of any to lead or to lift her, that anyone would have judged from hence that she was of perfect age.

Thus did the Lord, in the infancy of the Virgin, work this extraordinary work, and evidence by this miracle how great she was like to be hereafter.

The Protevangelion of the birth of the Christ was received with wide credence by the early Christians, who attributed it to James "the Just." We know now it was the product of the religious controversies which raged 150 years after the day of that first bishop of Jerusalem. Of the two books of the Infancy of Jesus, upheld by the second and third century Gnostics, one may judge accurately enough from this single quotation from I Infancy (8). Joseph and Mary are fleeing into Egypt, with the Child:

In their journey from hence they came into a desert country, and were told it was infested with robbers; so Joseph and St. Mary prepared to pass through it in the night.

And as they were going along, behold they saw two robbers asleep in the road, and with them a

great number of robbers, their confederates, also asleep.

The names of these two were Titus and Dumachus; and Titus said to Dumachus, I beseech thee let those persons go along quietly, that our company may not perceive anything of them.

Dumachus refusing, Titus said again, I will give thee forty groats, and as a pledge take my girdle, which he gave him before he had done speaking, that he might not open his mouth or make a noise.

When the Lady St. Mary saw the kindness which this robber did shew them, she said to him, The Lord God will receive thee to his right hand, and grant thee pardon of thy sins.

Then the Lord Jesus answered, and said to his mother, When thirty years are expired, O Mother, the Jews will crucify me at Jerusalem;

And these two thieves shall be with me at the same time upon the cross, Titus on my right hand, and Dumachus on my left, and from that time Titus shall go before me into Paradise.

The Gospel of Nicodemus and the Acts of Paul and Thecla are third century fabrications, put forward in support of two of the many controversial points of the moment; writings by Christians of a loyalty not to be questioned, despite their unpleasant use of such propaganda. In the last named—forged by an Asian presbyter

to honor Paul (as he later confessed)—occurs this interesting description of the great missionary to the Gentiles:

. . . of low stature, bald or shaved on the head, crooked thighs, handsome legs, hollow-eyed; had a crooked nose; full of grace; for sometimes he appeared as a man, sometimes he had the countenance of an angel.

Several of the Apostolic Fathers, who in the first two centuries served to link the immediate followers of Jesus with the mighty company of leaders who were to guide the Christian Church on into history, accepted and used certain of these writings which the Carthage Synod failed to approve. The Epistle of Barnabas, for instance, received the endorsement of Clement and Origen, Eusebius and Jerome. Tischendorf found a complete text of this in the Mount Sinai monastery sixty years ago, and sat up all night to copy the Greek of its fifteen chapters, so, for the best of two generations, students have understood why this “assuredly useful” writing of Paul’s companion should have trembled on the very verge of canonical acceptance. The Shepherd of Hermas, again, failed of such official sanction by only the narrowest of margins. The three books of that second century exhorter and allegorist—the Visions, the Commands, and

the Similitudes—with their cutting rebukes for worldliness and earnest urgings to repentance of sin, were publicly read in all churches in early times, esteemed and praised by Clement of Alexandria and Ireneus, Origen, Eusebius, Jerome, and Athanasius. In the Visions will be found Revelation-like picturings both colorful and challenging to thought (see, as a characteristic instance, the long third chapter), but it is in the following book (Commands) that one reads such advice as suggests James in its practical directness and Paul's self in its specific cataloging of points. As (from chapter 8) this:

Abstain not from any good works, but do them. Hear what the virtue of those good works is which thou must do, that thou mayest be saved. The first of all is faith; the fear of the Lord; charity; concord; equity; truth; patience; chastity.

There is nothing better than these things in the life of a man, who shall keep and do these things.

To minister to the widows; not to despise the fatherless and poor; to redeem the servants of God from necessity; to be hospitable (for in hospitality there is great fruit); not to be contentious, but be quiet.

Jerome was convinced of the authenticity of the exchange of notes which the Apocrypha knows as Paul and Seneca, and listed the latter

with his "Holy Men." According to the book, this member of the imperial household at Rome, not himself a Christian though clearly well-disposed toward the faith, wrote eight times to Paul and received six replies. Of interest historically and personally, if genuine, the brief letters yet fail to include anything of especial value whether of doctrinal or ethical sort. What may be named a correspondence of vastly greater interest and import is found in the little epistles said to have passed between Abgarus, King of Edessa, and Jesus the Christ; they are so titled among the apochryphal writings. Eusebius, in the fourth century, found these in Syriac, in Mesopotamia, and accepted them, though there have been only the fewest authorities, from that day to this, to have like confidence in their dependableness. Abgarus invites Jesus to visit his city, "which is indeed small, but neat" (he adds), to which this reply is alleged to have come back from the Master:

Abgarus, you are happy, forasmuch as you have believed on me, whom ye have not seen.

For it is written concerning me, that those who have seen me should not believe on me, that those who have not seen might believe and live.

As to that part of your letter, which relates to my giving you a visit, I must inform you, that I must fulfill all the ends of my mission in this coun-

try, and after that shall be received up again to him who sent me.

But after my ascension I will send one of my disciples, who will cure your disease, and give life to you, and all that are with you.

It remains to speak of eleven entries on this apochryphal account, books all of such "epistle" sort, in both the ways of writing and the subjects written of, as those of which New Testament readers think in connection with the names of James and Jude, Peter and Paul. One of this eleven, indeed, is claimed by a few upholders as veritably Pauline, a brief writing allegedly sent to the Laodiceans during the months of the apostle's first Roman imprisonment, possibly (from a reference at its close) at the time of his letter to the Colossians. It has quite the tone of Paul, though it lacks his customary ruggedness of thought. Certain of its sentences are all but paraphrased from those we know well in his canonical epistles. But that this is not actually Pauline is safely assumed from the one fact that there was lacking enough evidence to that effect to prove its apostolic authorship at the Carthage council; could such proof have been forthcoming it would be in our Bibles today.

Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna in the earlier years of the second century, and Clement of

Rome, his friend and elder contemporary, are here represented by letters sent, in the one case, to the church at Philippi, and in the other to the Corinthian Christians. These last, for there are two writings, are entitled I and II Clement to avoid confusing them with Paul's letters which carry the name of the famous city. The genuineness of these, again, often has been impugned, though they were accepted among others, by Archbishop Wake, of Canterbury, in the early eighteenth century. Dr. Wake also defended the seven epistles of Ignatius, of Antioch, the most remarkable figure in the century immediately following the apostolic period. Here are his letters to the Ephesians, the Philadelphians, the Romans, the Trallians, the Smyrneans, the Magnesians and to his fellow worker "the pious Polycarp." His tone and trend are aptly enough conveyed in these thoughts from the message to the Ephesus Church:

The beginning is faith; the end is charity. And these two joined together are of God: but all other things which concern a holy life are consequences of these.

No man professing a true faith, sinneth; neither does he who has charity, hate any.

The tree is made manifest by its fruit; so they who profess themselves to be Christians are known by what they do.

It is better for a man to hold his peace, and be; than to say he is a Christian, and not to be.

And these remarkable sentences appear (chap. 2) in the Epistle to the Romans:

May I enjoy the wild beasts that are prepared for me; which also I wish may exercise all their fierceness on me,

And whom for that end I will encourage, that they may be sure to devour me, and not serve me as they have done some, whom out of fear they have not touched. But, and if they will not do it willingly, I will provoke them to it.

I know what is profitable for me. Now I begin to be a disciple. Nor shall anything move me, whether visible or invisible, that I may attain to Jesus Christ.

Let fire, and the cross; let the companies of wild beasts; let breaking of bones and tearing of members; let the shattering in pieces of the whole body, and all the wicked torments of the devil come upon me; only let me enjoy Jesus.

In a certain sense, our adjective "apochryphal" misleads thought in considering these books. Its content of "untrustworthy" (or worse) has a suggestion not born out by all the writings, though unquestionably deserved by some. The serious student of the Bible will find even the least useful of them interesting;

the best of them highly deserve the “edifying” which is used in their connection by the authorities of the Protestant Church today. If the earlier followers of the Christ cherished them, we may properly accord them thoughtful reading—and that is now made the more worthwhile through the intelligent and careful translations offered in *The Apochryphal New Testament*, of Provost James of Eton, and Professor Lake’s *Apostolic Fathers*. In such form it is in every way desirable that these remains of early Christian literature should be understood by present-day students—if only to remind them, through very contrast, of the moral grandeur and religious genius of the books in the canons.

CHAPTER VII

HOW THE SCRIPTURES DEVELOPED THE GIFT OF TONGUES

NO part of the strange history of our Bible is more fascinating, where all is moving and much is marvelous, than that which tells how time and tide combined to bring to pass the prophecy of Mark: "They shall speak with new tongues." It is the narrative of a Pentecost twenty-two centuries long, coming down to this very day unbroken since its beginning in the early years of the third century B.C. The Old Testament spoke only in its relatively localized Hebrew and Aramaic until perhaps eight generations before the crucifixion, when that translation began which has continued ever since. The complete Bible is now to be had in 592 languages; various parts of the "Book of Books" speak with yet other tongues "as the Spirit gives it utterance," 235 others to be exact. In whole or part, then, today's total of translated languages and dialects has risen to 827.

For the first step along this ever-lengthening

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road the world may thank the handsome Alexander, for it was in his Alexandria that the Septuagint was made, while (what is more to be noted) the fact that the youthful conqueror had made the tongue of his beloved Homer the language of the world rendered that first translation possible as well as desirable. The city which perpetuates his name was the metropolis of the worlds of commerce and culture when Ptolemy Philadelphus came to the throne of Egypt. More than a fourth of its 750,000 were Jews, and they successfully petitioned the new monarch for an official rendering of their Sacred Books into Greek. Work may have been begun the very year of this second Ptolemy's accession, 285, and it was in all likelihood drawn out through a century or even a bit more, but 225 is now generally accepted as a date indicative enough of the completed whole—another of the “convenient” dates. There is a pleasant tradition, evolved beyond doubt to explain that “seventy” of the name Septuagint, that exactly three score and ten Hebrew scholars were shut up in as many separate cells on the isle of Pharos, and that in precisely seventy days they all, simultaneously, finished their labors. To gild this super-refined gold it is added that their results were identical to the last accent. This, after all, is a better story than the “Howler”

which, in answer to the query, "What was the Septuagint?" read: "Thucydides, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Clarendon once sat down at table together and the Septuagint resulted."

Philadelphus, in this support of the first general translation of the Law, the Prophets, and the Writings, unconsciously but actually, became a world benefactor. The Septuagint was to be the medium for the earliest renderings into European tongues and that of itself would have marked the work as unique, but it was more than this. It gave their Scriptures again to the Jews of the dispersion, scattered throughout the Mediterranean basin and beyond, Jews who no longer spoke Hebrew and were fast forgetting the God of their fathers. Still further, it became the Bible of Jesus and his disciples, of Paul and the early church; all of the 168 quotations which appear in the New Testament come from it. And if its tongue was Greek yet it itself was the gift of Egypt to the world, so that that long series of contacts between Palestine and the kingdom of the Nile Valley, which had begun in conquest and continued in oppression, ended in a blessing.

The second of the milestones on this road which runs across the centuries marks a translation of both Testaments: the Vulgate, which Jerome completed in 405—so-called because it

was in the Latin or "common" tongue: *vulgata*. It was by no means the initial rendering into the language of Virgil and Cicero and Pliny. Between 225 and 405 there had been seven Latin translations, besides four in Greek, three in Syriac and one each in Coptic and Gothic, Armenian and Etheopian. All this eighteen, however, were inaccurate and proved impermanent, but, with the steady spread of Latin and the proportionate crowding out of Greek, others were sure to appear and something scholarly enough to be authorized was increasingly needed. The church authorities, with practical unanimity, opposed so much as the suggestion: Latin was far too base a tongue, they insisted, to embalm writings so sacred as these, but Pope Damasus (Bishop of Rome, he still was titled) wisely thought otherwise, and persuaded Jerome Hieronymous, the intimate of Augustine and indubitably the most learned man of his day, to undertake the great task.

He was sixty-one when in 390 he exchanged the comforts of Rome for the hardships of a cave-residence near Bethlehem, where he believed both seclusion and environment would aid him. He was seventy-six, when, in 405, his work had received its final period. The perplexities of his problem and the magnitude of his difficulties, throughout those fifteen years of

unbroken labor, may be gathered from the covering letter which went to Damasus with the New Testament:

The undertaking is a pious one, but presumptuous and dangerous. . . . For who is there, be he learned or unlearned, who, taking up my volume, and seeing a reading different from that which he absorbed with his mother's milk, will not straightway burst out in invective against me and call me a falsifier and sacrreligious for daring to add to or change anything in those ancient Books. . . . For if one is to put faith in Latin manuscripts let them tell me which they are, since there are as many versions as there are codices. But if we are compelled to seek the truth among many manuscripts, why not go back to the original Greek and with that before us, correct what has been faultily translated or recklessly amended by incompetent revisers, or added to or altered by nodding copyists.

His revilers ("who think ignorance is holiness," he wrote) long held the field against his completed labor, but its genuine learning conquered embittered narrowness at last. The slur of "vulgar" died away as recognition grew that this Vulgate made simply clear the thoughts of the original writers. Even so, it was not till 604, in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, that the translation received the stamp of

official approval. From that day on for above a thousand years it remained the pride and pillar of the Latin Church, supreme and unchallenged. Throughout the middle ages it was everywhere the version used. In the inspiration of its texts were made those missionary efforts which carried Christianity to the shores of the Atlantic and the North Sea. Down to the day of the Reformation the literature and art of western Europe depended upon it: it was, incidentally, from this that Michael Angelo caught the idea of his "horned" Moses, for Jerome, misled by the close resemblance of two Hebrew words, had slipped in his rendering of Exodus 34:29, setting down not that "Moses' face shown" but "was horned."

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Johann Gutenberg erected the third of the waymarks which trace the assured and steady spread of the Bible. Here, of course, was no new translation, but that development in the printing art—from block-books to metal types—which so vitally and basically has influenced all civilization that it was as if man's voice had been found anew. Well could Hugo cry: "Gutenberg has marked the transition of the man-slave to the free-man. Try and deprive civilization of him, you become Egypt." His work meant every whit as much for a world-wide knowledge of the Scriptures as that which

lay enwrapped in either Septuagint or Vulgate. At a time when it needed from ten months to a year to make a manuscript Bible, and at a cost running from £40 to twice as much again (and the purchasing power of money in those days is suggested by such facts as that of a gallon of ale could be had for a shilling and a bullock for five) came the discovery which all but instantly was to lead to such a multiplying of books as could have meant nothing less than witchcraft to the leisurely laborers in monkish scriptoriums. Moreover, the cost was reduced as the numbers increased. Is it not, too, a striking fact that this high-minded and long-bearded Maintz craftsman should have attempted at the very outset of his adventuring so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible? As the historian Hallam remarks:

It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready, at the moment of her nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies.

The immortal Gutenberg Bible—called as well the Mazarin, since it was in that famous Cardinal's library that an eighteenth century bibliophile came upon the first of the thirty-one copies now known, and also the 42-line Bible, from the depth of the column of the first issue (it was followed by a 36-line format)—was a printing

of Jerome's Vulgate, in Gothic characters, cut from metal, not cast. It took more than seven years to print those 641 double-column pages, all innocent of either folio numbers or catch-words. There is no title page, and therefore nothing stands in the types to proclaim the printer's name or the date of issue, but "Gutenberg" and "1456" are positively known from witnesses outside those precious vellum leaves: for instance, one Cremer, Vicar of St. Stephen's Church at Maintz, has recorded these details in his journal, giving, indeed, the month of August to add to 1456 as the year, for the finishing of the volume. One wonders what those artist-artisans would think could they know that the two copies of their skill last sold had brought \$106,000 (the Yale copy) and \$276,000 (O. H. Vollbehr's).

Close following the introduction of printing came another event destined to exert immense influence upon Biblical studies: namely, the revival of interest in the classics, notably Greek, and with this an increase in the study of Hebrew. Europe's first Greek grammar was published in 1476; the first Hebrew grammar in 1503. But the translation of the Holy Books and their multiplication through types did not wait on these abettments. In 1462 Fust and Schoeffer lead the widening way with a Bible

omne tempus fuerim fuitens dño cū
omni humilitate ⁊ lacrimis ⁊ tēptati
onibus q̄ michi acciderūt ⁊ in his
iudeos: quomodo nichil subtraherem
vobis vultū. quominus annūciarem
vobis ⁊ doceri vos publice ⁊ per do-
mos: testificādo iudis atq; gentilibus
in deū perueniam ⁊ fide in dñm nēm
ih̄sum cōstū. Et nūc ecce alligat⁹ ego
spiritu vado in iherlm̄ q̄ in ea vōtura
sint michi ignotās: nisi q̄ spirit⁹ san-
ctus p̄ omēs iuuitates michi protesta-
tur dicens: quā vincula ⁊ tabulationes
iherosolimis me manent. Sed nichil
horū veror: nec facio aīam meā p̄ci-
siorē q̄ me: dūmodo cōsummū cur-
sum meū ⁊ ministeriū verbi qd̄ accepi
a dño ih̄su cōficari euāgeliū grāte
dei. Et nūc ecce ego scio qā amplius
nō videbitis faciē meā: vos omēs per
quos trāsui p̄dicans regnū dei. Qua-
propter cōfector vos hōierna die: qā
mūdus sū a sanguine omniū. Non
enī subrefugi quominus annūciare
omne cōsiliū ei vobis. Attendite vo-
bis ⁊ vniūso gregi: i quo vos spirit⁹
sanctus posuit episcopos regere ecclesi-
am dei: quā acquisiuit sāguine suo.
Ego scio qm̄ intrabunt p̄ d̄s̄ d̄s̄
nem meā lupi rapaces i vos: nō p̄ar-
centes gregi. Et tē vobis ip̄s resurgēt
viri loquētes pueris: ut abducant di-
scipulos post se. Propter qd̄ vigilare
memoria retinētes: qm̄ p̄ tēram nō
de et die nō cessant cum lacrimis mo-
ueris vniūquēq; vīm. Et nūc cōmū-
do vos do ⁊ verbo grāte ip̄ius: q̄ po-
tēs ē edificare ⁊ dare hereditatē in san-
ctificatis omībus. Argenti ⁊ aurum
aut vltē null⁹ occupū sicut ip̄i sūt:
qm̄ ad ea q̄ michi opus erat et hys q̄
meū sunt ministraverūt manus iste.

Omnia ostendi vobis: qm̄ sic laboran-
tes oportet suscipere infirmos: ac me
minisse verbi dñi ih̄s: quomā ip̄e di-
xit. Beatus ē magis dare q̄ accipere.
Et cū hēc dixisset: positis manibz suis
oravit cū omībus illis. Magu⁹ autē
fletus fact⁹ est omīū: ⁊ procumbentes
sup̄ collū pauli osculabātur eū: dolen-
tes maxime in verbo qd̄ dixerat quo-
mā amplius faciem e⁹ nō essent visu-
ri. Et deducebāt eū ad nauē.

Qum autē factū esset ut navigare
mus abstracti ab eis: redō cur-
su vīm⁹ thōum: ⁊ sequēti die rodū:
et inde pareram. Et cū inuēissem⁹ na-
uem trāsierantē i phēnicē: ascendentes
nauigauim⁹. Cū apparuissem⁹ autē
op̄ro relinquentes eā ad sinistram nau-
gaumus iheriā: ⁊ vīm⁹ vīm. Ibi
enī nauis repositura erat onus. In-
uenas autē discipulis mansim⁹ ibi die-
bus septem. Qui paulo dicebāt p̄ sp̄ci-
um: ne ascenderet iherosolimā. Et re-
pletis diebz profecti itamus: deducen-
tibz nos omībz cum vōcibz ⁊ filiis
usq; foras ciuitatem: ⁊ positis genibz
in litore orauim⁹. Et cū valēssem⁹
inueniē ascendim⁹ nauē: illi autē redi-
erunt i sua. Nos vero nauigatione re-
phata a t̄ro descendim⁹ p̄tolomaidē:
et salutaris hōmibz māsīm⁹ die vna
apud illos. Alia autē die profecti veni-
mus cesariā. Et intrātes in domū phi-
lippi euāgeliste q̄ erat vnus de septem:
māsīm⁹ apud eū. Hinc autē erat qua-
tuor filie virginēs p̄phetātes. Et cū mo-
raramur p̄ dies aliq;: superuenit qd̄am
vir a iudea p̄p̄ta noīe agabus. Is
cū venisset ad nos nūc zonā pauli: et
alligans sibi p̄dos ⁊ man⁹ dicit. Hec
dicit spirit⁹ factus. Vir autē ē zona
hec sic alligabūt i iherosolē iudē: ⁊

in German, the first to carry a title page. In 1471 appeared an Italian issue, in 1475 one in Bohemian, in 1478 a Spanish, while in the year previous both France and Holland had received their renderings. (LeFeure's French version, which was to become a basis for all successors, appeared in parts from 1512 to 1530.) The first illustrated Bible was another German printing, put out by Quentell, in 1480, from Cologne. Besides these eight editions in twenty-two years (1456-78), there were an even score in Latin. Within fifty years from Gutenberg's pioneering the total of various issues had reached 92.

Today, with the Bible "taken for granted" in every Christian home, it is more than just difficult, it is all but impossible for us to realize the awe and reverence with which men received it nearly five centuries ago. We are so wholly familiar with the very presence of the Book—even if not always with its message. To us it may be no more than one volume among countless others. In the closing fifteenth century it brought with it, when it entered a home, a depth of feeling which the twentieth century cannot duly appreciate. It was the title-deed of Christianity—the charter of very Truth—the direct revelation of God's will to man. To read it or hear it read was as if one met God face to face.

The story of Wycliffe and the first Bible in English falls chronologically at this point, but it is better told in the chapter following, where much must be written of the amazing influence which has been exerted for more than four hundred years, not only in English-speaking lands but throughout the habitable world, by the Bible in our own tongue. On the continent of Europe the next great step was to be taken by "grand, rough, old Martin Luther." First, however, a brief but emphatic note of what was done by Gerard Gerardzoon, generally known as Desiderius Erasmus, who, it has been said, more picturesquely than accurately, laid the egg of the Reformation which Luther hatched. To substitute analogy for metaphor, it is more suggestively true to label the man "a sixteenth century Lucian."

As scholar and literary laborer the name of this son of Rotterdam, whose education had been begun in the same school whence á Kempis had graduated, is writ large in any history of his times (1466-1536), but especially is it to be honored from what it stands for in connection with biblical study and translation. He was a very cornerstone of that "New Learning" in England and west Europe which so raised the appreciation and broadened the understanding of Greek, and which, as has been said, vastly

furthered the cause of proper study of the Holy Scriptures. More directly important was his editing of the first Greek New Testament printed in Europe, which Froben put out from Basel in 1516. His attitude in the matter appears in these honest sentences:

I wish that even the weakest woman should read the gospels—should read the epistles of Paul; and I wish that they were translated into all languages, so that they might be read and understood not only by Scots and Irishmen, but also by Turks and Saracens. I long that the husbandman should sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plow, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their tales the tedium of his journey.

Which was by no means the official attitude of the church of the day. “They have now found a new language called Greek,” wrote one prelate. “We must carefully guard against it, for it will be mother of all sorts of heresies. I see in the hands of a great number of persons a book in this tongue, called the New Testament; a book full of brambles with vipers in them. As to Hebrew, whoever learns that becomes a Jew at once.”

It was in 1517, the twelve-month following the publication of the Erasmus Testament, that

a sturdily-built cleric in his mid-thirties fastened to the door of Wittenberg Church his ninety-five "Theses" denouncing the sale of Papal Indulgences—and turned over another page in history! Little could he have dreamed that he was leading the way in a world-wide Reformation; nay, was bringing to birth a new era—in which we yet live: the era of freedom and conscience. Michelet has put this none too strongly in his life of Luther, where he says:

To him it is, in great measure, owing that we of the present day exercise in its plenitude that first great right of the human understanding, to which all the rest are annexed, without which all the rest are naught. We cannot think, speak, write, read, for a single moment, without gratefully recalling to mind this enormous benefit of intellectual enfranchisement. The very lines I here trace, to whom do I owe it that I am able to send them forth, if not to the liberator of modern thought.

And how pointedly Browning's *Bishop Blougram* sums it up!

*He comes, reclaims God's earth for God, he says,
Sets up God's rule again by simple means,
Reopens a shut book, and all is done.*

"Protestants" came to being when Luther formulated that historic "Protest" against what

in his day was the sole Christian church body. With all else that this was to achieve, it was to prove, in the chronicle of the Bible's development, not only a long forward step but one planted on broader, firmer, freer ground than any yet taken.

No more significant proof of how "cabined, cribbed, confined" were the Scriptures, even so late as the opening of the sixteenth century, could be adduced than that Luther—a university scholar, anticipating taking orders—was twenty years old before he ever had a chance to hold the Bible in his very hands and read it for himself. It might not then have been possible, had he not lain ill in the monastery infirmary, and the priest who also was his physician not procured a copy for his use. On his recovery it was given him to possess, and twice each year for fourteen years the earnest man read through what he called "this great and powerful tree." He goes on: "Each work is a mighty branch, and each of these branches I have shaken, desirous to learn what fruit they every one bear."

He was a loyal son of the church, honestly devoted to its creed and principle, but his Bible study showed him how far the organization had wandered from the path blazed by Jesus and his disciples, and he hoped (perhaps believed) that Leo X was the Pope to purge it, once his

attention were called to such practices as Friar Tetzels ultra-mercenary peddling of the Indulgences. The Pontiff did not see it that way, of course. The gigantic fane of St. Peter, which Julius had begun, stood yet unfinished and the papal treasury was empty. Ergo, not only was the sale of Indulgences justified, but whatever method would increase those sales was, for that very reason, to be approved. And this Wittenberg monk? He was a schismatic, clearly; perhaps a heretic. It must be looked into. Wherefore that trial at Wurms (1521) with only a few staunch supporters to lend countenance to the Protester, as he proclaimed to all the world: "Here I stand! God helping me, I cannot do otherwise." Kings entered the lists against him; it was then that the eighth of England's Henrys gained the title of "Defender of the Faith," which ever since has stood in the British Royal Style, upholding that supreme authority of Rome's Bishop which, a short dozen years later, he was himself to flout and disclaim. The result of the sittings was a foregone conclusion; the accused was placed under the imperial ban, as a heretic. What next move the authorities would have made was frustrated by the Elector of Saxony, who, at the head of a band of disguised friends, seized the monk in the Black Forest fastnesses and bore him away to

the gloomy Wartburg fortress, where he was held in secrecy and safety till the immediate turmoil and excitement had passed.

So aggressively energetic a man as Luther could ill endure the enforced idleness of these months of necessary restraint, and as outlet for his activity he laid hand to the making of a new translation of the Bible into German. The New Testament, with which he began, was finished in three months, and this despite the conscientious carefulness with which each verse was rendered. "It has often happened," one of his letters recites, "that I sought a fortnight for a single word"—for the intent was, rightly (nor in his case could it have been other), to get as close as might be to the true meaning of the writers. A thorough student by both training and natural capacity, as well as an earnest Christian, Friar Martin worked not from the Vulgate but from the Greek and Hebrew, which he had mastered after his graduation from Erfurt. This imparted sharper accuracy to his sentences, while his intellectual and moral make-up imbued them with forceful energy. Let it be added that his finished book was beautiful prose. Yet more, it virtually remade the German tongue. Till then there had been German tongues, now and though all years to come there would be one—Luther's.

It was twelve years after the printing of this New Testament (1522) before the Old was ready to follow. There, of course, lay much the harder part of the work. Once the chief editor wrote (a group of followers were then working with him):

I am now at work translating the prophets. Good Heavens! How hard it is to make the Hebrew writers speak German! They withstand our efforts, not wishing to give up their native tongue for a barbarous idiom, just as a nightingale would not change her sweet song to imitate a cuckoo.

And again:

We have so much trouble translating Job, on account of the grandeur of the style. He seems much more impatient of our efforts to turn him into German, than he was of the consolation of his friends.

Translating, in the highest sense of the word, is a rare gift. Scholarship is only the beginning of it. There must be, also, an intimacy with two tongues which amounts to intellectual intuition—and unflagging carefulness—and tireless industry. When the Bible is the text of labor there is yet further need of true piety, and the reverent heart. It is plain fact to write that Luther was blessed with all these endowments. None could have had larger inner sympathy

with the Biblical authors, or a more spiritual understanding of the ideas of Christianity.

Eastward and westward the paths of the new translations now were running. A Russian text was made in 1580, at Cracow, and Eliot's famous *Indian Bible*, done at Cambridge, Massachusetts, bears date of 1661. Germany was leading the nations in Bible publishing. In the decade following the sack of Metz (1642-52) of twenty-four books printed there, seven were Bibles. The first reprint in America of the Book in an European tongue was in German, too. It came in 1743, when Christopher Sower's Bible was issued from a little shop today hidden away back of 5253 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia. It took the publisher eighteen months to finish his 1267 pages, printed on a hand-press, four at a time, quarto size, with the leaves hung out to dry when weather permitted. And it took nearly twenty years to sell the 1200 copies, though the price was only twelve shillings unbound, and nineteen bound.

What may be the present-day total of the world's tongues and dialects deponent knoweth not, but it cannot rise much above 827—and that is the current sum of the languages into which the Bible's message has gone, in whole or part. Truly: "Now hear we every man in our own tongue wherein we were born."

If the march forward has been sure, it may not be called fast. When the Vulgate appeared at the opening of the fifth century, the Scriptures could be read in 7 languages. This number was not doubled until the close of the fifteenth century. The sixteenth added 16 to that, the seventeenth gave another 12, and the eighteenth raised this 42 to 61. It was the nineteenth century, of course, which brought the long jump ahead; in that hundred years no less than 496 new translations were made. The first quarter of our twentieth century increased this inheritance of 557 by another 270. In the twelve-month which closed with the March of 1926, Luke's gospel had been put into Tsimihety, spoken in a district of Madagascar; Mark's into Bakuba, for the benefit of some 40,000 Nigerians, and the New Testament entire into Jabim, for a tribe in New Guinea. The whole Bible will before long be available in Afrikaans, the tongue of the Dutch descendants in South Africa, and various portions of it have recently been carried over into Logo, Banum, and Thado-Kulti.

There are two phases of this all but miraculous labor which are utterly overlooked by any save the very few who have had some part in it—familiarily essential factors that are, indeed, difficult for the uninitiated to grasp. One, and

the easier, may be called the mechanical end of it all, such as the casting of wholly new fonts of type. The other comes in on the intellectual side. Often a missionary is the first visitor from civilization to penetrate to some all-but-unheard of valley among hidden hills and has to solve, unaided, the mysteries of the language, immediately for himself and then in order to carry over within its limits such parts of the Bible as have proved most useful in the experience of the long years' evangelization of the out-of-the-way corners of the globe. Hundreds of tongues have thus first been reduced to writing, though even then the labor is no more than started since dictionaries have to be compiled and grammars written. Finally, when it seems at long last practicable to begin on the actual translating, how shall one render ideas usual enough with us which have no counterparts in the thought (and therefore in the language) of the folk under consideration? "The Lord is my shepherd" is a case in point, for the Esquimaux naturally have no word for *shepherd* since they know not the first thing of sheep or grazing; "mighty walrus hunter" was the ultimate way out of that difficulty. When it was found that there was no word for *purity* in Malagasy (one of the dialects of Madagascar) "whiteness" was used, for that the natives knew. In Maoriland there is

no word for *hope*, so “sure courage” was used. The Tahitian vocabulary does not include *faith*; the translators used “surety” instead. Classical Chinese offered a peculiar difficulty in that there was no symbol for *God*; “ghost” and “sun” were the nearest approaches, and, as neither alone would serve, a combination symbol had to be evolved and explained.

* * *

Mentally one may take a bird's-eye view of the growth of the Bible in some such way as this:

(1) The writing and compiling of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament, through something short of a thousand years. (Canon established A.D. 99.)

(2) The parallel work in the first 150 years of our era, which resulted in the New Testament's twenty-seven books. (Canon established 397.)

(3) The continued multiplication of manuscripts despite two and a half centuries of persecutions. (64–305.)

(4) The increased multiplication, after the Edict of Constantine (313) had recognized the Christian faith.

(5) Its entry, not long after this, into the legal life and codes of Rome's empire.

(6) The colonization movements of the fifth–ninth centuries which carried it far abroad.

(7) By the tenth century it is *the* religious book of all south and west Europe, though the church is its sole interpreter.

(8) The Bible becomes obscured in the Dark Ages. Only the clergy read it; ecclesiastical tyranny is the rule.

(9) The "New Learning" and Reformation. Waldo and the Albigenses; Wycliffe and Erasmus; Huss and Tyndale; Melancthon and Luther.

(10) "And every man heard them speak in his own language."

This last is no exaggeration. Counting partial publications as well as complete Bibles, above 10,000,000 copies each twelve-month are put into circulation. Seven out of every ten of the world's inhabitants have had at least the gospel story provided in the tongue they use.

Born in the East, clothed with the imagery of the Orient, the One Book walks now the paths of all the world with familiar feet, entering land after land to find its own, and bringing with it everywhere new ideals of civilization, higher models of character, nicer conceptions of virtue, fresh hopes of happiness.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE SCRIPTURES CAME INTO ENGLISH

GODLY Augustine, who had brought Christianity to Saxon England, had lain at rest above two generations before a beginning was made at bringing the Testaments into the tongue of the island people. There were five who blazed this way. It was about 670 that a Celtic neatherd made the first step—Caedmon of Whitby Abbey. At the close of a wintry day he had found himself unable to bear his part in the evensong, and in shame slipped off to the stable and his flocks. There (so runs tradition) an angelic vision taught him, and forthwith he began his famous paraphrase into Anglo-Saxon of portions of Genesis and Exodus. Half a century later, Durham's Venerable Bede, learned in all that then was known of science and music, arithmetic and rhetoric, similarly paraphrased John's gospel. About 900, that "saint without superstition, and scholar without ostentation," Alfred the Great, prefaced his laws with a veritable translation of the

Decalogue and Exodus 21-23. Among the bookish treasures of the Bodleian one may see a 20,000 word metrical paraphrase of the four gospels and The Acts, the work of another monk: Orm, whose pen was thus busied in the middle years of the thirteenth century. Somewhere near 1325 Richard Rolle set the Psalms into the English of his day. These were the precursors of Wycliffe. What they did was often, if not usually, unscholarly, and, with such giants to come after, there is tendency enough to forget their work, yet should it be recalled as is the labor of all pioneers, worthy of lasting honor.

It is to John Wycliffe that must be assigned the credit of first bringing the whole Bible into English. This Master of Balliol, whom Coleridge held as Luther's equal and who in the long view of history was perhaps the "strongest" man of his times, was physically "spare to emaciation." Two mastering motives burned clear in that frail body, however: love for his fellows and devotion to honesty in learning. His enduring claim to immortality is based so solidly upon these traits that emphasis must be set on them. In his recently published life of the man, Dr. Herbert Workman fitly elaborates the theme:

Wyclif as a schoolman has not always received the recognition he deserves. Yet without such recognition his work as a reformer cannot be

rightly appraised. For the importance of Wyclif's attack upon the medieval Church lay in the fact that the assault was conducted not by an obscure fanatic but by the foremost schoolman of his age—"the flower," as his enemies owned "of Oxford"—at a time when the decay of Paris had left Oxford without a rival. The first of the reformers was, in fact, the last of the schoolmen, according to the judgment of an uncompromising opponent: "the most eminent doctor of theology of his times, in philosophy second to none, in the training of the schools without a rival." . . . He was the brains of the party who sought in Parliament and elsewhere to resist papal claims. Hitherto reformers, e.g., Hildebrand, St. Bernard, had attempted to accomplish their reforms from within and would have resisted interference from the State. Wyclif introduced a new idea by calling upon the State to reform an unwilling Church. . . . From political movements Wyclif passed in the last years of his life to the special work which has given him his place in history. He attacked in no halting manner the whole medieval conception of the Church, and lashed with his scorn its characteristic institutions. He felt that the souls of men were being sacrificed to an overgrown sacramental system, at the roots of which he struck by his attack on the fundamental doctrine of transubstantiation. Next Wyclif laboured to effect the revival of reli-

gious life, especially among the lower classes, by the restoration of simple preaching, and by the distribution to the people of the Word of God in their mother tongue. In all these aspects—Schoolman, Politician, Preacher, Reformer—Wyclif was the foremost man of his age.

The events elucidating this accurate and admirable opinion are readily summarized. Pope Gregory XI had made demand upon England for thirty-three years arrears of taxes. Parliament refused to acknowledge the claim, and Wycliffe issued a pamphlet in their support. Because of this he was named as one of a delegation sent to Rome in 1374, where he heard and saw things which set his very soul afire with indignation. Again at home, he spoke out in tones so fearlessly assured that Canterbury could not ignore him, though his trial there for heresy resulted in a failure to convict. But all combined to thrust him into the first stirrings of the current which was to spread and deepen into the Reformation, whose “morning star” Wycliffe has been called. Recognizing the gulf which had opened between church and people, he thought to bridge it by a translation of the Holy Books into the popular tongue—a rendering to be made sentence by sentence, in the fashion of schoolboy efforts, one may say. Begun at Oxford, where “many good fellows

and cunning” associated themselves with the translator-in-chief, in the spring of 1382 the labor was transferred to Lutterworth, where Wycliffe had accepted a rectorship, and there, in less than a twelve-month after the move, the first complete Bible in English was finished. Sings Tennyson,

*Not least art thou, thou little Bethlehem,
In Judah, for in thee the Lord was born;
Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,
Least, for in thee the Word was born again.*

Jerome's Vulgate stood parent to this first English Bible. The "New Learning," with its revived interest in Hebrew and Greek, was yet fifty years away, and, scholar as he was, Wycliffe knew nothing of those original tongues. His book, of course, was made wholly by hand—it continued only in manuscript form until 1850, indeed, when it was first printed, in quarto—yet so many were put into circulation that today the catalog of known extant copies runs to 171 entries. Its sales price now (varying according to condition) is in the neighborhood of \$3,500, though in the fourteenth century day of its appearing \$200 was the usual. John Foxe (author of that genial *Book of Martyrs* with which some of us endeavored to beguile Sunday afternoons in years far past!) records that as much as a

load of hay was given for the loan of one of Paul's epistles for a single week.

Such change was to come into the language within scarce more than one lifetime that Wycliffe's rendering now reads strangely. But only at first, after all; its directness and force soon make themselves felt, if it is rude at times, yet always is it memorably vigorous. Here is the close of the parable of the prodigal, with the ancient spelling retained:

And his eldere sone was in the feeld; and whanne he cam, and was nygh the hous, he herde a symphonie and other noise of mynystralcy. And this eldere sone clepide oon of the servauntis, and axide what weren thes thingis. And he seide to him, Thy brothir is comen, and thi fadir hath slayn a fat calf, for he hath resceyved him saaf. But this eldere sone hadde dedeyn, and wolde not come in; therfore his fadir wente out, and bigan to preie him. And he answeride, and seide to his fadir, Lo, so many yeeris Y serve to thee, Y passide nevere thi mandement; and thou gavest me nevere a kide, for to fede me with my frendis. But after that he, this thi sone, that murtheride his goodis with hooris, is come, thou hast killid to him a fat calf. And the fadir seide to him, Sone, thou art ever more with me, and alle my goodis ben thine. But it was need to ete and to make mery, for he, this thi brothir, was dead and lyvede agen; was perishid, and is founden.

Not a few of the felicities of this premier among Englished Bibles have come to us across the centuries, such as "the deep things of God" and "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," "compass sea and land" and "a well of water springing up into eternal life."

Ecclesiastical opinion was bitterly against the work in those days. English was a despised tongue then, as Latin had been held "vulgar" in Jerome's day; a score of years later, it was only in Latin that More could write his *Utopia*. Their name was legion who were as shocked at Wycliffe's Englishing of the Scriptures as we of today might be were the gospels to be "translated" into modern slang. "The pearl is cast abroad and trodden under feet of swine," fulminated Archbishop Knighton; "The jewel of the Church turned into the common sport of the people." Nor did hostility stop at verbal attack. Nicholas of Hereford and John Purvey, who had assisted in translating or revising, were both of them imprisoned, and Purvey was tortured. The master workman himself was not to escape contumely, even though he had died of a stroke during service time at Lutterworth. Half a century after, his remains were "ungraved," to use Thomas Fuller's vivid word, and then *they took what was left of his bones and burned them to ashes and cast them into the Swift, a*

neighboring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed them into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main Ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.

Wycliffe, having set the impress of his noble mind not on his own age only but on all time, died in 1384. Exactly one hundred years later was born in Gloucestershire a worthy successor. Taken all in all, William Tyndale was by no means so great a man as John Wycliffe, but on the splendid roster of the Bible in English their names stand fitly side by side. It was that Greek New Testament of Erasmus which was the force which impelled this laborer to enter the vineyard. He had chanced upon it while teaching at Cambridge, and with the message of the gospels thus for him clarified as never before, his eyes were opened to see how far the Christianity of the day had fallen from that taught by Jesus and the Twelve. Even as he was pondering what was to do, Bishop Hooper of Gloucester examined 311 of the clergy of his see and found that 168 were unable to repeat the Commandments, that 31 did not even know where to find them, that 40 could not recite the Lord's Prayer and that 23 did not know how it originated. Yet these were

all of them in good standing ("perfectly good clerics!") in a church assuming to furnish spiritual guidance to above three million people. Was not a more generally available English Bible the crying need? Tyndale asked himself. The Wycliffe rendering was to be had, but the language had changed sweepingly in the century and a quarter. Would it not be better, too, to translate directly from the original tongues instead of from the Vulgate?—and Tyndale's broad scholarship made that possible. Luther's reform movement added decision to the growing conviction, and in 1523 Tyndale set out for London to raise the money to put through a new translation of the Scriptures into English.

Only one supporter could he find, however, and he only to the extent of £10, wherefore the searcher turned his back on England, crossed to Hamburg, and there on his own slender resources began work on the New Testament. It was completed in a little more than a year, and Quentell of Cologne began to print, but an emissary of the enemies at home got wind of what was forward, so Tyndale carried the unbound sheets to Wurms where, in 1525, two 3000-copy editions were put out, one in quarto, the other somewhat smaller. These, concealed in bales of cloth, were smuggled westward across the Channel, but so bitterly keen was the search

for them, and so successful, too, that of the six thousand volumes not six are today known to be in existence. The opposition proclaimed itself so extravagantly, its attacks were so absurdly overdrawn, that the story would now read humorously were it not so bigoted in narrowness, so tragic in its close. Bishop Tunstall preached publicly against "these three thousand errors spread far for the undoing of the faithful." Lord Herbert gives Cardinal Wolsey's message to the Pope as running, "If men are once persuaded they can make their own way to God, and that prayers in their natural language may pierce Heaven, as well as if in Latin, how much will the authority of the Mass fall!" An even more amazing comment by a preaching friar, Buckingham by name, was this:

Where Scripture saith, "No man that layeth his hand to the plow and looketh back is fit for the kingdom of God," will not the plowman when he reads thus be apt forthwith to cease from his plow, and then where will be the sowing and the harvest? Likewise, whereas the baker readeth: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole" will he not be forthwith too sparing in the use of leaven, to the great injury of our health? And as also when the simple man reads the words: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee," incontinent he will pluck out his eyes, and so the whole

realm will be full of blind men, to the great decay of the nation and the manifest loss of the king's grace.

Possibly the Vicar of Croyden was frankest in pointing out the essential ground for the most of these attacks. "We must root out printing," he said, adding ingenuously, "or printing will root out us."

Nor was it only the typed book which was assailed. John Tyndale, a London merchant of position, was convicted of having read the translation made by his immortal brother and this was the sentence pronounced by none other than Sir Thomas More:

He shall be set on an horse, face to tail, and have a paper pinned upon his head, and many sheets of this Testament sewn to his cloak, to be afterward thrown into a great fire in Cheapside, and he is then to pay to the King's Majesty such a fine as shall ruin him.

Tyndale, meanwhile, had gone steadily forward with his chosen task. By 1530 he had finished the Pentateuch and by 1535 Jonah and a portion of the historical books. In that year, however, he was betrayed to his English foes and at the instance of Henry VIII was imprisoned near Brussels. Before another twelve-month had passed he had been haled to trial, convicted of heresy, strangled, and burnt pub-

The Gospell.

aboundance off rayned descended / and the fludd of
cā / ad the wyndd of blewē / ad bett vppo that sa-
me housse / ad it was not over thrown because
it was groundēd on the rocke. And whosoever
heareth of me these saigs / ad doth not the same /
shal be lykened vnto a folyshe mā / which bilt his
housse apon the sonde / and ab undaunce of rays-
nedescēded / and the fludd of cam / and the wyndd
of blewē / and beet vppon that housse / ad it was
over thrown / and great was the fall off it.

And it cam to passe / that whē Iesus had en-
ded these sayngs / the people were astonied at his
doctryne. For he taught them as one havyngē
power / and not as the scribes.

The. viij. Chapter.

When Iesus was come downe from the
mountayne / moche people folowed him.
And lo / there cam a lepre / and worshēped him
saynge: Master / if thou wylt / thou canst make
me clene. He putt forthē his hōd and touchēd hi
saynge: I wyl / be clene / and immediatly his le-
prosy was clesed. And Iesus said vnto him. Se
thou tell no man / but go and shewe thyself to the
preste and offer the gyfte / that Moyses commaū-
ded to be offred / in witness to them.

Whē Iesus was etred in to Capernaum / the-
re cam vnto him a certayne Centurion / besēchyng
him and saynge: Master my seruaunt lyeth sicke
att home off the palsyē / ad is greuously payned.
And Iesus sayd vnto him: I wyl come and cure
him. The Centurion answered and saide: Syr
I am not worthy that thou shuldest com vnder

Courtesy John W. Lea

A PAGE FROM THE TYNDALE NEW TESTAMENT OF 1525.

lily (October 6, 1536), his last brave cry advertising for all time the man's whole-hearted sincerity and selflessness: "Lord, open Thou the King of England's eyes!"

The murdered victim stands gloriously victorious. His complete Bible—his friend Miles Coverdale having finished the books left undone—came from a Hamburg press in 1535, and is the real father of King James' Authorized Version, in which 80 per cent of the Old Testament and 90 per cent of the New is practically his rendering. Indeed, Tyndale's English dominates all versions from that day to this; the revisionists, both American and British, again and again turn back to his phrase and word—as in I Corinthians 13, where "love" is now most usually substituted for "charity." Froude, the historian, declared that his version is

substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word be permitted—the mingled tenderness and majesty—the preternatural grandeur—unequalled, unapproached in all the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale.

By the by: Tyndale agreed with Luther in feeling scant admiration for the Epistle to the Hebrews, the general epistles of Jude and James

and Revelation. He set them off in a group, separate from the rest of his New Testament.

The so-called Coverdale Bible, which, as has just been written, was really no more than a completing of Tyndale's, was re-issued from Zurich in impressive format. Himself no student of the original tongues, Coverdale employed "five sundry interpreters" as helpers, and drew upon both the Vulgate and Luther's rendering for what he was called upon to do. His version is memorable, however, for the man's rare gift in musically flexible English. His rhythms and verbal melody influence all later work of this sort, his Psalms, for instance, still standing in the Prayer Book Psalter because of a tenderness and beauty which breathes through them, and in spite of some linguistic inaccuracies.

Two years after this, there came out in Hesse, a Bible known both as the Rogers and the Matthews. John Rogers, a Tyndale supporter, produced it, and the "Thos. Matthews" on the title-page was quite surely only an advisable incognito. It was the Tyndale text, so far as that master had carried it, with Coverdale's rendering fully to round it out. A later issue of this is known as the Taverner, from the name of the second printer.

It was in this same 1537 that a far-reaching "change came o'er the spirit of the dream" of

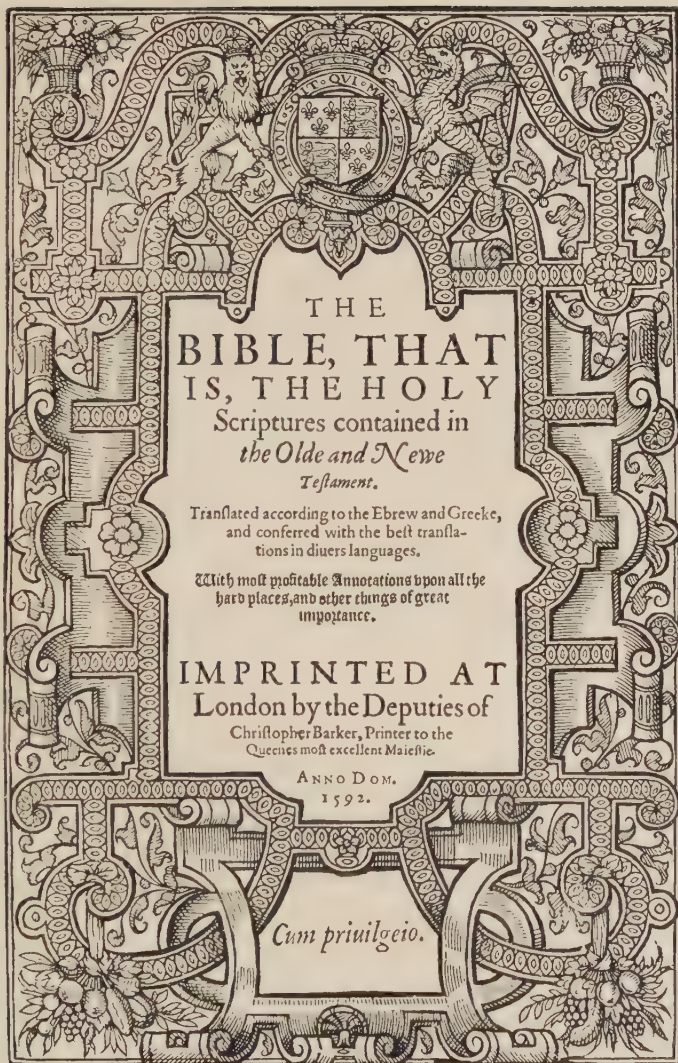
Biblical translation into the English tongue. For it was then that Pope Paul III saw fit to attempt to interfere with the marital pursuits of the most habitual bridegroom in all royal annals. It is not, of course, a story to enter upon here; our concern with it is only to recall that it was in so intimately personal and really accidental a way that England was brought officially into the Reformation, and the Bible in English formally recognized. Thomas Cromwell, then Lord Privy Seal and Henry's favorite, called upon Coverdale to re-issue his version, from the London house of Grafton and Whitechurch. The result was "The Great" Bible, a splendid tome, the ink of whose black-letter remains brilliant after 390 years. Its Holbein title shows King Hal handing the book to Cranmer and Cromwell, who pass it down to the people, loyally crying *Vivat Rex!* It is, of course, no more than another edition of Coverdale's work of 1535, the sole essential difference being that the marginal notes of the older printing no longer appeared. This was the Bible first "appointed to be used in churches," and first to be chained to public reading desks, with instructions that it be read "with Discretion, Honest Intent, Charity, and Quiet Behaviour"—which was not invariably the case it seems, since Bonner once complained that he

could no longer preach in comfort in St. Paul's because of the hum of interested discussion about those desks.

The Genevan issue, next waymark along the high road of Englished Bibles, came from the Swiss city, not London, because those Smithfield fires, lit by Mary, had driven so many Protestants to the Continent. It bears date, to be sure, of 1560, two years after the accession of Protestant Elizabeth, to whom it is dedicated moreover, but it is the work of the red reign of the queen-daughter of Catherine of Catholic Arragon,

*When persecuting zeal made royal sport
With tortured innocence in Mary's court.*

This was the most scholarly exact of all Bibles in English until the Authorized. To give a single instance of many suggesting themselves for quotation: Tyndale's "One house shall fall upon another" (Luke 11:17) was here first translated as we have had it since, "A house divided against itself falleth." This Genevan version soon became the favorite, running through no less than sixty editions in forty-five years. It is the authentic Bible of the English Reformation, the Bible of Knox and Calvin and Hooker, of the Mayflower and Speedwell. And for two typographical reasons is it still



TITLE-PAGE OF ONE OF THE MANY EDITIONS OF THE BISHOPS' BIBLE, FIRST ISSUED, UNDER AUTHORITY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, IN 1568.

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notable. It was the first to be printed in Roman, not black-letter, types and first to be divided into the verses we know so well. The 669 sections (*parashahs*) into which the Hebrew Scriptures had been cut, had been renominated chapters by Archbishop Langton, of Magna Charta fame. Robert Stevens, a printer, is credited with having devised, in 1551, the yet-existing verses—rhetorically absurd, though of very practical use for responsive or reference purposes, and assuredly a basis for no little of the affection we cherish for the One Book.

The Bible which had received royal sanction in 1537, had been shorn of the notes of editor Coverdale, because imperially-minded Henry could not stomach their democracy, albeit of so mild a brand, as today sees it. Similarly, it was the Puritanic notes of the Genevan rendering which caused Elizabeth to authorize that edition which we know as the Bishops'. The Virgin Queen was every whit as staunch an upholder of the divine right of monarchs as ever was her autocratic father, and the marginal comments written in by the translators at Geneva went rather far (for those days) down the road which was leading steadily to genuine democracy. Besides she disapproved that version from the fact that Knox had had

a hand in it: there was never a deal of love lost between Bess and John. So she ordered Archbishop Parker to head a Royal Commission of eight other clerics to prepare a version which might be held as standard for the kingdom, whence came the Bishops' Bible of 1568, less scholarly and accurate than either Tyndale's or the Genevan, but official. Perhaps it was the handsomest volume of all the eight here recounted. It reverted to black-letter (and a beautiful type it was) and it was illustrated. One cannot but smile at the fact that its vignettes had been made originally for Ovid's *Metamorphoses*!—but they are charming. There were also full page portraits of Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (!).

At this time, with some half-dozen Englished Bibles in increasing circulation, not to include Wycliffe's more cumbersome manuscript form, the Roman Church altered the stand it hitherto had held as to renderings in the popular tongue. The opposition had not been to English Bibles as English, it was announced, but solely to an Englishing unauthorized by ecclesiastical authorities. The church would now prepare and issue its own version. The New Testament of this came out from Rheims, in 1582, the Old following in 1609 from Douai, after which French city it has since been called. It was,

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of course, a translation from a translation, since made from Jerome's noble Vulgate and not the two original tongues, but it is a stately and dignified piece of work, if somewhat ecclesiastical in tone.

CHAPTER IX

THE AUTHORIZED AND REVISED VERSIONS

IT is 1604. *Don Quixote* is in press. De Monts and Poutrincourt have just settled Port Royal in Acadia, and the beginnings of Quebec and Jamestown will soon be made. The union of the Scotch and English crowns is an accomplished fact—and the Guy Fawkes conspiracy against the new-come monarch is in its early making. And out at Hampton Court (it is truly “out” from Jacobean London) there is meeting a conference of large importance, though to those who watch the assembling bishops and non-conformists it must seem no more than another of the all-but-endless religious gatherings of the day, apt to generate heat rather than light. The Puritans have spread before King Jamie a petition inveighing against the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church, whose representatives are on hand to defend their position. It is one of several earlier instances of the perennial quarrel between Modernists and Fundamentalists.

Debate has scarce begun when some "schismatic" urges a new English translation of the Bible, or, at least, a thorough revision of the Genevan text. The Bishop of London hotly opposes the suggestion: "Is every man's humor to be followed? Then will there be no end to translating." The royal chairman, though, has been caught by the idea. "The wisest fool in Christendom," as Sully says his dear French cousin Henri has dubbed him, is pedant through-and-through and scents afar the chance to display a scholarship of which he is vastly proud. Then, too, he genuinely disapproves the notes of that same Genevan version. Are not the Hebrew women praised for resisting Pharaoh?—and does not the marginal comment opposite I Chronicles 15:16 say that Asa should not merely have deposed his mother; he should have killed her! "These matters savor much of traitorous and dangerous conceits," remarks the shrewd Stuart, and forthwith commands the making of that new translation for which he will be recalled and honored long after most other events of his twenty-two years' reign have been relegated to footnote position on the page of history.

* * *

Thus came the "A.V.," whose paramouncy has towered above reasonable question through

the three centuries and more that have passed since R. R. Barker printed it in 1611. James contributed as sound a plan for the work as could be devised, albeit (Scot that he was!) he contributed not a penny to the cost. The basis of the revising—"the ordinary Bible read in the churches, commonly called the Bishops',"—was to be "as little altered as the original will permit," but anything and everything was to be consulted—and the spirit of William Tyndale brooded over all. A committee of the most learned members of the faculties of the two universities was to divide the labor among themselves; the Privy Council was to sanction the result, and, last of all—an ultima Thule of sapience!—it would be passed upon by the King's Most Gracious Majesty. Launcelot Andrews became a sort of intellectual foreman of the laborers (then Master of Pembroke, Cambridge, later Bishop of Winchester, and probably the most eloquent English preacher that ever stepped into pulpit) whose linguistic attainments were considerable enough to warrant it being said of him that had he been at Babel he could have spoken all the tongues. His confreres numbered fifty-four at the start, though seven fell out for one cause or another. Thomas Fuller in his quaint *Church History of Britain* lists the forty-seven who finished, with

this delicious endorsement of the number: "Many, lest any things might haply escape them, yet not being too many, lest one should trouble another."

The royal "Solomon of Whitehall" (it is Macaulay's pleasant phrase) is credited with proposing the "by companies" plan of forwarding so great a task as was in hand. Fuller gives in detail the kingly instructions:

Every particular man of each company to take the same chapter or chapters; and, having translated, or amended them severally by himself where he thinks good, to meet together, confer what they have done, and agree for their part what shall stand. As any one company hath dispatched any one book in this manner, they shall send it to the rest, to be considered of seriously and judiciously; for His Majesty is very careful in this point. The differences to be compounded at the general meeting, which is to be of the chieffer persons of each company, at the end of the work.

The first company sat at Westminster and started upon Genesis, going on through I Chronicles. The second, at Cambridge, went forward from there through the historical books, doing also Job, the Psalms, Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and the Canticles. Number three (Oxford) finished the Old Testament. The New Testa-

ment was divided between the fifth and sixth companies, meeting respectively at Oxford and Westminster, while number four, again at Cambridge, took in hand the Apocrypha—which, by the by, was the one part of the amazing whole to fall below the splendid standard everywhere else attained. And so, for three years of translation and three more of revising,

Nobody worked for money, and nobody worked for pay,

But each for the joy of working—and each in his separate star

Set down the things as he saw them, for the God of things as they are.

Again must one quote Fuller, who sums up the achievement in these curious but charming sentences. Not only, he writes, had they been

examining the channels by the fountain, translations from the original, which was absolutely necessary; but also comparing channels with channels, which was abundantly useful, in the Spanish, Italian, French, and Dutch languages. So that their industry, skillfulness, piety, and discretion have therein bound the Church unto them in a debt of special remembrance and thankfulness. With Jacob, these have “rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well” of life; so that now even Rachels, weak women, may freely come both to drink them-

selves, and water the flocks of their families at the same.

It took the field slowly. The Great Bible was still for a time read in the churches and the Genevan in the homes, but surely if gradually all classes turned to this "Authorized" rendering, making it at last so truly their very own that it came to be bound up with the life of the nation's self. For, in a decade or less, it won recognition as best of that glorious company to which it had come the latest recruit. None of its predecessors but had shown some high merit, some spiritual or intellectual value setting each above those that had gone before, but none of these predecessors had shown to any such degree the four excellences of honesty of thought, accuracy of rendering, sanity in choice of word and phrase, and such inspired simplicity over all as to make appeal alike to the least taught and most learned. These claims of the A.V. upon the primacy of our regard must be a little elaborated.

No characteristic of this Jacobean translation is more instantly marked or more encouragingly abiding than its honesty. It repeated in English what had been said by the first authors in Greek and Hebrew. All shades of religious thought showed in the spectrum of its translators, but sectarian influences were so successfully banished

from their work, creedal hostilities were so wholly silenced, that, for the first time in the history of the English Bible, it ceased to be an arsenal from which religious disputants might draw ammunition. Perhaps the most important of James' rules was that which laid down that no marginal notes should be used, save for the explaining of verbal meanings. It was he, too, who settled a rising argument as to whether "church" had not better yield to "congregation," ruling in favor of the earlier word "because it has the broader enfoldment." A more famous instance of the freedom of this work from the bias of sect came when the word *baptizo* was to be brought from the Greek into English. The non-conformists would have had it "immerse." The members of the Established Church wished "anoint." Philology was unable to declare either the one or the other variant the more accurate linguistically. To choose either would instantly be taken as an *ex cathedra* decision for or against the manner of ministration of one of the fundamental rites of religion. So the translators transliterated the word, and the quite non-committal "baptise" was brought into the language.

No higher tribute may be paid to the accuracy of the 1611 rendering than the fact that the Revisors, 270 years later, could find only lesser

alterations to make. And this despite two fearfully heavy handicaps under which the King James' scholars were forced to labor: Hebrew was not then adequately understood, even by the best of those who knew it at all, and, on the second count, Levantine scenes and ways were to them far more unfamiliar than to us would be the living customs and fauna and flora of (say) Sarawak or Bokhara. That this translation introduced the use of italicizing the words "supplied," to give smooth reading to the English, is yet further proof both of its honesty and accuracy.

The sanity of scholarship everywhere shown here cannot but be an abiding gratification to thoughtful readers. There are always three levels in a living tongue: the intellectual ("high-brow!"), the popular, and the vulgar. In current American writing one might instance this by Edith Wharton, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and the sports writer's "story" for a tabloid paper. The Authorized translators drew upon both extremes at need, but in the main held a middle course which blended the dignity due the subject and the actually "popular" usage of their day. The result is not, then, Jacobean English, strictly speaking, it is more than that and really unique. Edmund Gosse says of it:

The "Authorized" English Bible represents the

tongue of no historical period but is an artificial product, selected with exquisite care from the sacred felicities of two and a half centuries. Its effect upon the later authorship has been constant and of infinite benefit to style. Not a native author but owes something of his melody and charm to the echo of those Biblical accents.

Two factors combine to produce the not less than wonderful simplicity of this translation. In the first place words of native English stock overwhelmingly predominate over all of foreign origin; Marsh estimated the proportions as 93:7. (It was here that Wycliffe was least successful.) Secondly, short words were used all but invariably in place of longer, which, of course, gives a snap and grip, so to speak, in no other way obtainable. Excepting proper nouns, the average of the A.V. words is of four letters.

All in all, the combination of scholarship and intuitive wisdom which these men displayed is beyond praise. They were artists, too. In those opening years of the seventeenth century a word was a thing of savor and delight; a sentence was an adventure into an undiscovered country. So these laborers in the rich mines of an expanding tongue sought not rightness only (though that first) but rhythm, too. Some of the finest hexameters in the language are theirs, as "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound

of a trumpet" and "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" They were not inspired men—save as every man is when he does his best work with all his heart; it is merely that theirs was the advantage of living in a community rich in talk, daring in metaphor. There is no straining for effect, no obtrusive ornament, no complacent parading of the devices of art. The A.V. is merely the greatest of English classics.

An emphatic supplement is to be set to this, however. If the Authorized Bible is miraculously written, yet it is no more written than lived. Compact of men's tears and hopes and unconquerable faith, the human heart pulsates behind every line. Carlyle's rhapsody is deserved:

Precisely when the wit-combats at the Mermaid are waning somewhat, and our Shakespeare is about packing up for Stratford—there come out another very priceless thing: a correct translation of the Bible. Priceless enough. Of importance unspeakable! "Barbarous enough to arouse, tender enough to assuage, and possessing how many other properties," say Goethe. Possessing this property inclusive of all, add we: That it is written under the eye of the Eternal—that it is of a sincerity like very Death—the truest utterance that ever came by alphabetic letters from the Soul of Man. Through

which, as through a window divinely opened, all men could look, and can still look, beyond the visual Air-firmaments and mysterious Time-oceans, into the Light-sea of Infinitude, into the stillness of Eternity.

Is it not the long-earned due to the "companies," proved and proved again through three centuries, to use of their work a paraphrase of Jesus' words, spoken at the home of Simon of Bethany, when Mary had poured out on his head the precious ointment of spikenard: "Wheresoever these Scriptures shall be preached throughout the whole world, this that they have done shall be spoken of for a memorial of them"?

* * *

Nine generations used and greatly loved the King James Version before any official or even general move was made towards bettering it. Textual knowledge had grown broadly and deeply throughout that time, however; many ancient documentary authorities had been found, while the inevitable change in the language had pushed certain words and turns of speech further into the background of popular appreciation. It was in 1870 that Bishop Wilberforce, of Winchester, took the first formal steps toward a revision of the A.V. text—"not to make a new translation," read his petition, "but to revise

one already existing." It was not long till sixty-four scholars had been named for this mighty task, thirty-seven to consider the Old Testament, twenty-seven to work upon the New, and these soon invited and received the coöperation of two American committees, including seven denominations: Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Friends, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Unitarian. Throughout the years of their labors they ever kept steadily in sight the basic aim of (a) introducing as few alterations in the 1611 version as was consistent with faithfulness to the originals, and (b) making even these, so far as might be done, in the language of the A.V.; or, to put the plan into a single phrase, to increase fidelity with the least sacrifice of charm. Never once was it felt a part of duty to reduce the seventeenth century readings to conformity with nineteenth century usages; archaisms, whether of language or construction, though not in familiar use, were left untouched if not of a kind to cause a reader embarrassment or to lead to misunderstanding. From all of which came the Revised Version, a fruit of spiritual desire, deep research, and profound scholarship.

Very many have felt that too much of the sonorous strength, the verbal beauty, the rhythmic melody of the King James Bible has been

lost, though so genuine an appreciator of literature—so expert a judge of it, too—as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch prefers the R.V. to the A.V. even with such a poetic peak as Job in consideration. It is all a matter so essentially based on the imponderables of opinion and old association that discussion is unprofitable. It must be set down, however, that the meticulously detailed list of the changes, published with the Revised volume, shows the dictional alterations as almost invariably slight, nor yet numerous, in view of the fact that nearly 775,000 words were under review. (How many are there who, listening to the Bible read aloud, can tell surely whether the text is the A.V. or R.V.?) The changes were made for any of the following reasons:

(1) *Where the Revisionists disagreed with the 1611 Translators as to the meaning or construction of a word or sentence;*

(2) *Where it seemed proper for the sake of uniformity to render such parallel passages as were identical in the Hebrew or Greek by the same English words, that an English reader might know at once, by comparison, that a difference in the translation corresponded to a difference in the originals;*

(3) *Where the language of the A.V. was liable to be misunderstood by reason of being archaic or obscure; or*

(4) *Where the rendering of an earlier English*

stripped off his armour, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about to publish in the house of their doles, and among the people.

10 And they put his armour in the house of Achish: and they fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan.

11 And when the inhabitants of Jabesh Gilead heard of that which the

Philistines had done to Saul:

12 All the valiant men arose, and went all night, and tooke the body of Saul, and the bodies of his sonnes from the wall of Bethshan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there.

13 And they tooke their bones, and buried them vnder a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seuen dayes.

¹ 1st. Sam. 31.

² 2nd. Sam. 21.

4.



THE SECOND BOOKE of Samuel, otherwisecalled, The

Second Booke of the Kings.

CHAP. I.

1 The Amalekite, who brought tidings of the ouerthrow, and accused himselfe of Sauls death, is slaine. 17 David lamenteth Saul and Iouathan with a song.



OW it came to passe after the death of Saul, whē David was returned from the slaughter of the Amalekites, and David had abode two dayes in Ziklag,

2 It came euen to passe on the thirde day, that behold a man came out of the campe from Saul, with his clothes rent, and earth vpon his head: and so it was when hee came to David, that hee fell to the earth, and did obeysance.

3 And David said vnto him, From whence comest thou? And he said vnto him, Out of the campe of Israel am I escaped.

4 And David said vnto him, how went the matter? I pray thee, tell mee. And he answered, That the people are fled from the battell, and many of the people also are fallen and dead, and Saul and Iouathan his sonne are dead also.

5 And David said vnto the yong man that told him, how knowest thou

that Saul and Iouathan his sonne be dead:

6 And the yong man that told him, said, As I happened by chance vpon mount Gilboa, beholde, Saul leaned vpon his peece: and loe, the charrets and horsemen followed hard after him.

7 And when he looked behynd him, he saw me, and called vnto me: and I answered, here am I.

8 And he said vnto mee, who art thou? and I answered him, I am an Amalekite.

9 He said vnto me againe. Stand, I pray thee, vpon me, and slay me: for anguish is come vpon me, because my life is yet whole in me.

10 So I stood vpon him, and slew him, because I was sure that hee could not liue after that hee was fallen: And I tooke the crowne that was vpon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arme, and haue brought them hither vnto my lord.

11 Then David tooke hold on his clothes and rent them, and likewise all the men that were with him.

12 And they mourned and wept, and fasted vntill euen, for Saul and for Iouathan his sonne, and for the people of the land, and for the house of Israel, because they were fallen by the sword.

13 And David said vnto the yong man that told him, whence art thou?

¶ 3

And

¹ Heb. be. boldme.

² Or, my coat of mail, or, my embroidered coat, hindereth mee, that my, &c.

³ Chap. 1. 21 and 1. 31.

¹ 1st. Sam. 30. 17.

¹ Heb. what mayest.

version seemed preferable, or where by an apparently slight change it was possible to bring out more fully the meaning of a passage, of which the translation already was substantially correct.

As examples of the more noticeable of these various emendations: *its* is substituted for *his*, as the possessive of the neuter pronoun; *hindered* is used for its quondam synonym *let*; and similarly *lying* for *leasing*, and *forestall* for *prevent*. *Daysman* now becomes *umpire*. Where the word *people* is to be taken as meaning "all nations" the revisionists made it *peoples*. It was determined that "meal offering" better expressed that ritual than "meat offering," and that "tent of meeting" was a more accurate rendering than "tabernacle of the congregation." The Hebrew word which over and over is given by the King James scholars as *grove* is now known to mean a wooden symbol of Canaanitish worship, not unlike the totem pole, indeed; so it seemed best in such cases to coin a name for it by transliteration, whereby it becomes *asher*, plural *asherim*. A more interesting bit of revision was made in Luke's "In your patience possess ye your souls," which reads in the R.V. "In your patience ye shall win your souls," which of itself Bishop Westcott thought full repayment for the work of the committees. A considerable proportion of the total

number of alterations were not in the text but to marginal notes.

The typographical presentation of the new readings was strikingly altered. With properly constituted paragraphs used in place of the 1551 verses, it was deemed advisable to drop the chapter headings, which often, too, were more in the manner of comment than summary, and for like reasons the old page headings. (The verse divisions are yet indicated, of course, by marginal figures.) In the poetical books, beside the division into paragraphs, the Revisers adopted an arrangement in lines, so as to exhibit the parallelism which is characteristic of Hebrew poetry.

The whole was published in 1885, the New Testament portion having come out in the May of 1881. The interest in it, on both sides of the Atlantic, was the keenest. The gospels, the Acts and the Epistle to the Romans were cabled over to a New York paper and thence telegraphically repeated to Chicago. Set by hand on the two journals (the linotype machine not yet being in use) newspaper editions were peddled on the streets in less than ten hours. Before the book was off the presses 2,000,000 copies had been sold. Within twenty-four hours of issue 33,000 copies had been disposed of in London, some of the selling being from

wheelbarrow-loads, set at busy street corners. Thirty editions were absorbed in the first eight months.

By agreement between the English and United States committees at the time of their work together, no distinctively American edition was to be put out until twenty years from the date of the first Oxford and Cambridge printings. It was not, therefore, until 1901 that the so-called American Standard Version came out. It is the R.V., plus some revisions proposed for the earlier book but not then accepted. From the point of view of scholarship, it is probably the most accurate of all the complete translations.

CHAPTER X

THE "MODERNIZED" BIBLES

THE Revised Version may well be held as first of the modern Bibles. It is today only a shade more than forty years old—"a watch in the night," in the life of these Scriptures. But the quoted word in this chapter's heading has the content of such up-to-dateness that it might even better be written up-to-the-minuteness, and it is, of course, the retranslations of very recent date that are here brought under consideration. There has been continuing and not seldom accrimonious debate to this text, with a deal of misunderstanding developing. It seems a topic distinctly worth clearing up, so far as may be; worth the attempt, at very least.

When the critic refers to "these modern Bibles," he means usually a version (in English) so unbiblical in phrase and general tone, as judged, that is, by the great standards of past times, as to be not less than shocking. Yet that, per se, is no new thing. So long ago as 1768, a certain Dr. Harwood thought to make an "ele-

gant version for refined readers" and it would be difficult to devise now anything more startling than the most of what resulted. Take these choice bits:

The daughter of Herodias, a young lady who danced with inimitable grace and elegance.

All my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of my Saviour, who hath in so signal a manner condescended to regard my poor and humble station.

A gentleman of splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons.

But this, of course, is only a seeming case in point. The fault commonly found with any or all of the twenty-five revisions or new translations put out in our tongue during the first quarter of this century is that they are unnecessary at least and irreverent at most. Such charges as flippant, slangy, cheapening, perverting, impertinent and degrading, fill the gamut between these extremes. It is to be admitted that in two of the two dozen instances just referred to there is ground for some of these objections, but it must be insisted that in all the other cases the attacks have been apparently justified only because the attackers and those to whom they addressed themselves failed to take into consideration the whole of the subject they discussed.

The present writer shared their objections for more than a little while. Must we be so fearfully and wonderfully "modern"? he asked himself. We buy the evening paper before breakfast has been cleared away, and the Christmas magazines on Thanksgiving Day, but why, for goodness sake! carry this restless striving for being ahead of time, if not for mere novelty, so far as the Bible? When he came upon reference (actually) in one of the "new" versions to "David's burg" he gasped relief that it hadn't been "lil' ole Jerusalem." His love for the King James edition was compact of delight in its English and precious associations whose roots struck deep through the intimacies of years. It was as a veritable slap in the face to read at the closing of a "new" Psalm 23—

I shall dwell in the house of the Lord down to old age.

What was happening to our intellectual sensibilities, when the search for accuracy had to destroy rhythm and poetic suggestiveness at one blow? Even worse was the rewriting of an earlier line of that same "Shepherd's Hymn." This is how it has been transcribed:

*The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want.
In green meadows He makes me lie down;
To refreshing water He leads me.*

He renews my life.

He guides me in safe paths for His name's sake.

Even though I walk in the darkest ravine,

I fear no harm.

Which last may be ever so exact, also is it ever so deplorable. The phrase "the valley of the shadow of death" is one of the greatest in the language, dignified, rhythmic, poetically pictorial, of wondrous imaginative quality. "The darkest ravine," forsooth!

In this connection of immemorial phrase, extraordinary for essential reasons of melody and ancient usage (surely not readily misunderstood, even if not precisely accurate) a word may be written of a recent rendering of the two opening sentences of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The new translation runs, "When God began to form the universe, the world was void and vacant, and darkness lay over the abyss." A splendor which was sufficient and satisfying has departed—for what proportionate gain?

The broad view of this "modernizing"—a view to be deliberately taken, with careful regard for all phases of it, and with mere personal attachments carefully set aside—recognizes in such instances as have just been dwelt upon the

exceptions probably inevitable to the whole gain. For considered thought will find gain in these "new" renderings, real gain. The whole argument may be condensed into a few sentences. The Bible, as has been demonstrated through twenty centuries at very least, is a storehouse of truth. Whatever key most surely and swiftly will open its treasures to new-come truth-seekers is to be not only approved but sought after. To drop the metaphor, the widest intelligibility must count for far more than whatever claims of associative affection or rhetorical beauty, no matter how moving or abiding. The Scriptures hold a message for the life of this ultra-modern world of ours as certainly as they did for the Mediterranean basin when it lay under the capable but seldom considerate *Pax Romana*. They must speak, then, in whatever tongue will carry best and furthest. Has the 1611 English become out of date for many, many thousands of readers, wholly untrained in anything save newspapers and current novels?

Is this the fact, too, as regards the Revised Version? It appears so. And that reply assuredly involves the admission that some re-Englishing must be achieved, that these thousands may "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" with readiness and blessing. If we think it shame that the fifth century should

have opposed the Vulgate, despite the growing demands of Latin-speaking peoples—if we cry out against the opponents of Tyndale, who would have clung forever to Latin, regardless of the needs of English-speaking folk—let us beware lest we, to whom the King James text is as clear as it is loved, insist that it give no least room to the "new tongue" which could satisfy myriads who find the Tudor phrases as "blind" (or nearly) as they would the stately periods of Jerome. Nor is it useful to insist: "Educate the people up to the Bible we have known, don't write it down to them." That can be achieved for some, and is being done more generally and successfully than ever before in all the long history of this glorious One Book, but, after all, those who can thus be "educated up" are the minority. It is of the vastly greater majority that we must think.

It may be taken for granted that any who have read thus far in this little book (and to them the author's appreciations are gratefully tendered!) need no rendering of the Bible more clear than the A.V., even as it is positive that they will find none so beautiful. To such, as to all the millions whose fond regard cherishes that translation, there comes (for themselves) no question of substituting something newer for it. For them the retranslations now increasingly

current will never be other than supplements—and not merely to satisfy curiosity, either, for they will be found of genuine value to freshen interest or sharpen attention where familiarity has dulled both. Theirs is not the need. Nor should theirs be the narrowed criticism which to any degree hinders a meeting of such need, as felt by others.

Three customary objections to “the moderns” may be disposed of briefly. First: they are not trying “to harmonize religion and science.” There is no difference here to harmonize when one has enough of either religion or science. No scientist denies the statement “In the beginning God,” though he may phrase it differently. Secondly: they are not trying to “improve the King James English.” For that can’t be done—least of all in this supermechanical age, which is about as competent to revise what the men of 1611 set to paper as Shakespeare would be to tinker up a balky Ford. And thirdly: they are not endeavoring to “bring new ideas into the Scriptures.” Nothing save matter which has been in the Bible from the far-past days of its earliest writing is to be found in the pages which have come from such men as Dr. R. F. Weymouth of London, or Charles Foster Kent of Yale, or Prof. Edgar Goodspeed of the University of Chicago, or of the late Ferrar

Fenton and Professor Richard Moulton, or of Dr. James Moffatt, who for a dozen years has taught at Glasgow's university, with his many writings winning everywhere high praise no less for the authority of their scholarship than for their delightful "word sense."

These men, and not a few others to be grouped with them, are trying to do just one thing: to make the Bible's meaning crystal clear for those who, for whatever reason, lack the ability to catch it promptly from the versions of yesterday production. Any message possessed of value is worth more than its phrasing, however splendid that phrasing be. Take the obvious similes to be drawn from clothes and the man and twist them as you will; all hold sharply true of the Bible's teachings and its verbal trappings. Here as everywhere it is the spirit that quickeneth, not the letter.

How far these able laborers are achieving their tasks will best appear in quotation from their books.

We used to charge you even when we were with you, "If a man will not work, he shall not eat." But we are informed that some of your number are loafing, busybodies instead of being busy. Now in the Lord Jesus Christ we charge and exhort such persons to keep quiet, to do their work and earn their own living. As for yourselves, brothers, never

grow tired of doing what is right. Only if anyone will not obey our orders in this letter, mark that man, do not associate with him—that will make him feel ashamed! You are not to treat him as an enemy, but to put him under discipline as brother.

MOFFATT: II Thess. 3:10–15

But, seeing that we have died with Christ, we believe we shall also live with him; because we know that Christ, having come back to life, is no longer liable to die. Death has no longer any power over Him. For by the death which He died He became, once for all, dead in relation to sin; but by the life which He now lives He is alive in relation to God. In the same way you also must regard yourselves as dead in relation to sin, but as alive in relation to God, because you are in Jesus Christ. Let not Sin therefore reign as king in your mortal bodies, causing you to be in subjection to their cravings; and no longer lend your faculties as unrighteous weapons for Sin to use. On the contrary, surrender your very selves to God as living men who have risen from the dead, and surrender your several faculties to God, to be used as weapons to maintain the right.

WEYMOUTH: Rom. 6:8–13

It is just like the way in which through one man sin came into the world, and death followed sin, and so death spread to all men, because all men

sinned. It is true sin was in the world before the Law was given, and men are not charged with sin where there is no law. Still death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over those who had not sinned as Adam had, in the face of an express command. So Adam foreshadowed the one who was to come. But there is no comparison between God's gift and that offense. For if one man's offense made the mass of mankind to die, God's mercy and his gift, given through the favor of the one man Jesus Christ, have far more powerfully affected mankind. Nor is there any comparison between the gift and the effects of that one man's sin. That sentence arose from the act of one man, and was for condemnation; but God's gift arose out of many offenses and results in acquittal. But if that one man's offense made death reign through that one man, all the more will those who receive God's overflowing mercy and His gift of uprightness live and reign through the one individual Jesus Christ.

GOODSPEED: Rom. 5:12-17

Just think what a wealth of love the Father has lavished upon us, in order that we might be called children of God: and such we are! For this reason the world does not know us, because it did not know Him. Friends, we are now children of God; and it is not yet revealed what we shall become. But we do know that when He is manifested, we shall

be like Him; because we shall see Him as He actually is. And every one who has this hope in Him will purify himself as He is pure.

FENTON: I John 3:1-3

These paragraphs offer a fair test, though of necessity a curtailed one, of the increased clarity of "modern" Bible readings, for they are revisions of passages by no means of ready comprehension in either A.V. or R.V.

As here appears to careful reading, the present-day editors are to some considerable degree substituting words in current use for those less generally understood. In the various volumes examined, and in varying degrees, it will be found that (*exempli gratia*) *soldier* is used for *centurion*; *park* for *paradise*; *barge* for *ark*; *tenant farmer* for *husbandman*; *tax collector* for *publican*; *lawyers* for *scribes*; *irreligious persons* for *sinners*. Also, in appropriate connections, known equivalents for Hebrew or Greek words of money values, measures, etc., are substituted. *Cubit* is thus replaced by 18 inches, *furlong* by 200 yards; *ephah* by 9 gallons; *morning watch* by "between two and sunrise"; *the sixth hour* by "from eleven to noon," etc. Quotations will illustrate this yet further:

But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming for baptism, he said to them,

"You brood of snakes! Who warned you to escape from the wrath that is coming? Then produce fruit that will be consistent with your professed repentance! Do not suppose that you can say to yourselves: We have Abraham for our forefather; for I tell you God can produce descendants for Abraham right out of these stones! I am baptizing you in water in token of your repentance, but he who is coming after me is stronger than I am, and I am not fit to carry his shoes. He will baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire. His winnowing fork is in his hand, and he will clean up his threshing-floor, and store his wheat in his barn, but he will burn up the chaff with inextinguishable fire."

GOODSPEED: Matt. 3:7-12

So Gabriel went into the house and said to her, "Joy be to you, favored one! The Lord is with you." She was greatly agitated at his words, and wondered what such a greeting meant.

WEYMOUTH: Luke 1:28-29

While Paul was waiting for them at Athens, his soul was irritated at the sight of the idols that filled the city. He argued in the synagogue with the Jews and the devout proselytes and also in the marketplace daily with those who chanced to be present. Some of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers also came across him. Some said,

“Whatever does the fellow mean with his scraps of learning.” Others said, “He looks like a herald of foreign deities.” (This was because he preached “Jesus” and “the Resurrection.”) Then taking him to the Areopagus they asked, “May we know what is this novel teaching of yours? You talk of some things that sound strange to us; so we want to know what they mean.” (For all the Athenians and the foreign visitors to Athens occupied themselves with nothing else than repeating or listening to the latest novelty.)

So Paul stood in the middle of the Areopagus and said, “Men of Athens, I observe at every turn that you are a most religious people. Why, as I passed along and scanned your objects of worship, I actually came upon an altar with the inscription

TO AN UNKNOWN GOD.

Well, I proclaim to you what you worship in your ignorance. The God who made the world and all things in it, he, as Lord of heaven and earth, doth not dwell in shrines that are made by human hands; he is not served by human hands as if he needed anything, for it is he who gives life and breath and all things to all men. All nations he has created from a common origin, to dwell all over the earth, fixing their allotted periods and boundaries of their abodes, meaning them to seek for God on the chance of finding him in their grop-

ing for him. Though indeed he is close to each one of us, for it is in him that we live and move and exist—as some of your own poets have said, 'We too belong to his race.' "

MOFFATT: Acts 8:16-28

Now you know full well the doings of our lower natures. Fornication, impurity, indecency, idol-worship, sorcery; enmity, strife, jealousy, outbursts of passion, intrigues, dissensions, factions, envyings; hard drinking, riotous feasting and the like.

WEYMOUTH: Gal. 6:19-21

Everywhere there is the attempt, though invariably with conscientious regard for the original, to remodel the phrase which may not be clear to today's Man-in-the-Street into a form that must reach him instantly. Thus, Goodspeed turns the words of Jesus to Pilate—"Sayest thou this of thyself, or did others tell it thee concerning me?"—into: "Did you think this yourself or did some one put it to you?" Which is as if it were spoken this morning. Or take this reshaping of one of the best-known and most-loved of the benedictions, which close the Pauline letters: "The peace of God, which is beyond all human understanding, keep guard over your hearts and minds in union with Christ Jesus." (Philippians.) If there is loss of mem-

orable vigor, yet is there gain of keen clarity. Take also these:

Blessed are those who feel poor in spirit! The realm of heaven is theirs. Blessed are the mourners! They will be consoled. Blessed are the humble! They will inherit the earth. Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for goodness! They will be satisfied. Blessed are the merciful! They will find mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart! They will see God. Blessed are the peacemakers! They will be ranked sons of God. Blessed are those who have been persecuted for the sake of goodness! The realm of heaven is theirs.

MOFFATT: Matt. 5:3-10

So they came to Capernaum, and on the next Sabbath he went to the synagogue and began to teach. The people listened with amazement to his teaching—for there was authority about it: it was so different from that of the Scribes—when all at once, there in the synagogue, a man under the power of a foul spirit screamed out: “What have you to do with us, Jesus the Nazarene? Have you come to destroy us? I know who you are—God’s Holy One.”

But Jesus reprimanded him, saying, “Silence! come out of him.”

So the foul spirit, after throwing the man into convulsions, came out of him with a loud cry.

And all were amazed and awe-struck, so that they began to ask one another, "What does this mean? Here is a new sort of teaching—and a tone of authority."

WEYMOUTH: Mark 1:21–27

He also pointed out to me a river of living water, sparkling like crystal, flowing in the center of its broad-way out from the throne of God and of the Lamb; and a tree of life, producing twelve crops, with the river on both sides. Each month yielded its own crop; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And no accursed thing shall any longer exist. . . . Night shall exist no longer; and they have no need of lamp-light, nor sunlight, for the Lord God shall illuminate them; and they shall reign through the eternities of the eternities.

FENTON: Rev. 22:1–5

It will be noted from the extracts here presented that the present-day revisions all are printed in the typographical style approved and used by the editors of the Revised Version (1881 and 1885). That is, the verses, though marked by marginal figures, are now merged into paragraphs formed with due regard for rhetoric, and modern punctuation is used, including the quotation mark, which aids the eye in reading and imparts openness to the printed page.

The revisionists of this latest school of Bible study are supported by one other fact, not yet touched upon and immensely important in its bearing on their work. It offers, too, a reason for the faith that is in them almost as potent as their scrupulous search for a clearer voicing of the Word. This is that, within the generation and a half which has passed since the revisors of the R.V. closed their labors, Biblical manuscripts of great antiquity and excellence have been found, disclosing the ancient Greek text with an accuracy and purity impossible till now. Dr. Goodspeed has written to this point: "In our age we actually know more exactly what Paul and the Evangelists wrote than has been possible in any century since the fourth." And he continues:

The discoveries of Greek papyri, made in Egypt in the past twenty-five years, have put into our hands a mass of materials actually contemporary with the New Testament, and written in the common Greek of its day. These private documents—letters, wills, deeds, contracts, petitions, accounts, reports, receipts and memoranda—throw a flood of light upon the New Testament life. Their bearings upon the language of the New Testament is even more important.

There are any number of earnest readers of

the Scriptures who will be inclined, in all this discussion, to set their mental ditto marks beneath a mot credited to some (properly anonymous) English vicar: "If the King James Version was good enough for St. Paul, it's good enough for me." But let even these cease to query the meticulously honest achievements and large usefulness of the modernized Bibles. Let them no longer talk of "presumptuous attacks on a text we love," for no attack has been so much as dreamed of. Let them realize that any revisor who brings home more widely and more forcibly the truths of the Testaments is doing a work wholly worth while—it might well be written "holy, and therefore worth while." What was it Matthew Arnold said (surely the last man the world around to have endured any "jazzing of the Bible!"): "To understand that the language of the Scriptures is fluid, passing, and literary, not fixed, rigid, and scientific, is the first step toward a right understanding of the Bible." To which Joseph Fort Newton has lately added, "I watch with eager interest and hope the advent of the Bible into the everyday speech of our time, as a harbinger of a spiritual renewal so much needed today to redeem us from frustration."

De Quincey's dictum fitly closes debate: "The great ideas of the Bible protect themselves."

CHAPTER XI

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE

ONE with an affectionate appreciation of the memorable beauties which shine forth for all time from the pages of the Authorized Version of The One Book writes to the theme of "The Bible as Literature" as having a case to illustrate, not a debatable point to argue. It would be as difficult to find any to deny the prééminence in English letters of the "A.V." as it would be one ignorant of the fact that the Scriptures are the best of "best sellers" in the language. Let it be added, too, that this last mentioned claim means not circulation only but reading as well. Never before in Christian history has the Bible been more honestly and earnestly considered. In what great capital today would it be possible for a twentieth century Franklin to foist off as a just discovered Oriental composition the book of Ruth?—as the philosopher-diplomat of the infant United States did upon the supposedly sophisticated court of Louis XVI. No later Gibbon could now fake a fifty-first chapter of Genesis and not be discov-

ered within the hour. Even the lower averages of that indefinite genus "The Man-in-the-Street," knows his Bible in these times, and admits, moreover, that it is supremely great as literature.

A book may be "great" because of its finally informative value, as is Motley's *Dutch Republic* or Strachey's delicious characterization of Victoria—or for long-tested inspirational worth, as the immortal *Imitation* of á Kempis—or because it sets out, authoritatively, some theory or opinion as do Darwin's *Origin of Species* and William James' elaboration of pragmatism—or perhaps because it has proved so rich a storehouse for later writings, as has the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory—or from the ultimate perfection of its written form, of which "Elia's" essays stand delightful ensample. Probably alone among the millions of books in our language the English Bible is great for all these reasons. To discuss it, then, on only one of these five grounds, to think and talk of it solely as literature, is possible only on admission of a qualification. Since literature must be an interpretation of life, no book is adequately studied apart from life; this one least of all. But, having fully granted this, it does become profitable to consider the verbal felicities and phrasal beauties which everywhere so closely star the scriptural

pages, from "In the beginning God created" on through "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen."

To begin with, it is intensely interesting to realize that this "well of pure English undefiled," the greatest example of our literature, was never intended as great literature. Translated by the foremost scholars of the early Jacobean era it was never meant, primarily, for scholars. Those fifty-four men, directed by the Hampton Court conference to make the new Bible, not only avoided "popularizing" their work by letting into it the verbal give and take current in the vernacular of the streets, but avoided, too, all those "foreign decorations" which increasingly had come over from the Continent into English, since the spacious times of Elizabeth had made traveling so usual in the Low Countries, France and Italy. What these same purple and gilded phrases could do to prose composition jumps out at a reader from the fulsome paragraphs of the elaborately embroidered Dedication "To the Most High and Mighty Prince James," which prefaced the completed work:

Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread Sovereign, which Almighty God, the Father of all mercies, bestowed upon us the people of England, when first he sent Your Majesty's Royal Person

to rule and reign over us, . . . upon the setting of that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth. . . . There are infinite arguments of this right Christian and religious affection in Your Majesty; but none is more forcible to declare it to others than the vehement and perpetuated desire of accomplishing and publishing of this work, which now with all humility we present unto Your Majesty. . . . The Lord of heaven and earth bless Your Majesty with many and happy days, that, as his heavenly hand hath enriched Your Highness with many singular and extraordinary graces, so You may be the wonder of the world in this latter age for happiness and true felicity.

Little wonder that so many refer to this as the "Saint" James version! It is large wonder that such an introduction could have come from the same pens as set to paper the perfection of direct and virile English which instantly and consistently follows.

Leaving the genius of their great originals unaltered and avoiding the extremes of both low and high, the King James translators wrought in what with precise accuracy has been called "the middle level of the language," and the inspired result is not only the most spiritually living book in our tongue, but also the most majestic monument of English, its standard and its praise. "If everything else in the language

should perish, we could from this alone restore it in its full extent and beauty." Thus Macaulay, most *ex cathedra* of critics.

Were one here discussing the Bible "as literature" in the broadest sense, no essential trait could be placed ahead of sincerity; that principle underlies any and all others which, in comparison, are traits of mere composition almost. If there be that behind a book demonstrating that it had to be written, that its message not less than drove the messenger to its imparting, then that book possesses the first and inescapable ingredient (so to say) of abiding greatness. In the Bible this is absolute. There is here a mighty longing which swells into driving enthusiasm, and becomes a zeal not to be denied. But in this place the theme is somewhat more particularized, deals more specifically with the body than the soul of the Bible's obvious greatness, would debate, in brief: Upon what rests so securely the claim of the Authorized Version to completely perfected prose diction?

Three qualities must inhere in whatever writing would advance this high claim: clarity, strength, and beauty. Other traits it may show, these it must, or fall short of unqualified praise. How does the A.V. English stand these tests?

It is evident that instant clarity of statement

must depend almost wholly upon simplicity of vocabulary. The writer must use words neither so numerous as to exceed those generally familiar to his audience nor so uncommon in content as to fail of that audience's comprehension. Dr. Vizetelly has said lately that the man of today's average education uses some 8,000 words, exclusive of his "shop talk." Milton's vocabulary was about 13,000; Shakespeare's 18,000. George Bernard Shaw, it has been reported, used 35,000—in which may lie a point to support his interesting contention that he is twice as great as the Bard of Avon. The Bible's vocabulary (this and the following points are all made upon the English of the King James Version) is 6,568, proper nouns not counted. Even with all inflected forms of nouns, pronouns, and verbs added, the sum is but 9,884.

Again, if easy words are usually the short words, and indisputably they are, the Bible scores emphatically. The average of its words figures out to one of five letters. In the Sermon on the Mount, as given in Matthew's gospel (5-7), 82 per cent of the words are of one syllable. Of the 119 words in the Twenty-third Psalm, 95 are of one syllable, 21 of two, 3 of three, and none of more than that. The Bible is clarity itself because its words are intelligible and its structure invariably straightforward; to a simple

vocabulary is added an arrangement direct and natural. Compare the clause "A city set on a hill can not be hid" with a "modern" rendering: "It is impossible for a town that stands upon a hill to escape our notice," and which is more crystal clear? The one kindles thought, a picture leaps to mind; the other is—a wet blanket.

Strength is begotten of compression and concreteness. How does the Bible qualify in these details? They used to tell in the New York *Sun* office of the reply made by Charles A. Dana to a correspondent who had queried in to ask for 1500 words for the assignment he had been sent to cover. As it was a "tight night," he had been told to stay inside a thousand, but he repeated his request: the story was worth it—he could not do with less. And the "Old Man" wired back: "1000. Moses covered the creation with 864." This fact as to the word-total in Genesis 1:1 through 2:3, illustrates strikingly the utter baldness of phrase characteristic of Hebrew literature, which unquestionably furthered the splendid compression of the English rendering, though this should not lessen the high credit to be accorded those seventeenth century translators for so closely reproducing this amazing condensation. In the opening of Matthew (2:3) we read, "When Herod the king heard these things he was troubled and all Jeru-

salem with him," which is perfection of compactness. Expand it (as has been done in seriously intended print!) and note how strength ebbs as words flow: "When Herod, who ruled in those days, heard the rumors he was very much distressed, and the whole of the city of Jerusalem shared his anxiety." An exclamation point would be best, as well as briefest, comment. Surely, balancing vastness of idea with brevity of expression, there is no eight-word sentence so miraculous in compression as "Let there be light, and there was light."

As to concreteness, it needs no saying that our mental reactions are quicker and sharper when an idea is proposed in specific rather than in general terms. "I don't care a whoop in a gale of wind" may be ever so colloquial, it is yet a stronger because a more concrete way of expressing the idea of utter carelessness than "I am not at all concerned in the matter." Thus Canaan is better described as "a land flowing with milk and honey" than merely as a land of plenty; the metaphor has almost the quality of personification. To write that "All nature shall praise God" is weaker because less concretely vivid than "All the trees of the field shall clap their hands." What loss would there have been had Isaiah instructed "Help those less strong than you are," instead of his "Strengthen ye

the weak knees and confirm the feeble hands"? The Scriptures exhibit such instances on every page: "Thou makest us a byword among the heathen, a shaking of the head among the people," and "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span," and "We walk in darkness; we grope for the wall like the blind," and "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting," and "Now we see through a glass, darkly"—and so on, and on, and on. Children speak concretely, and the Bible is the book of our world's childhood.

It would seem easy to instance cases where the Bible's diction is outstandingly beautiful, where to harmony of sound is added grace of movement, and color, odour even. But it is surprising how difficult it is for one to be sure that his chosen quotations are of intrinsic beauty and that their appeal, as abiding as prompt, is not born of some long-cherished association. For it may be doubted if two persons in each ten thousand of American or British birth can be found whose hearts are not touched poignantly by some passing tag from psalm or gospel, which may or may not be endowed, within its verbal self, with what scholarship would label dictional beauty, but which to him is beautiful beyond ready telling. Even so, it is not easy

to go far astray in this. None, for example, will question the exquisite cadences which ring eternally in Ruth's entreaty of Naomi, or throughout the whole of that final chapter of Ecclesiastes:

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was. And the spirit shall return unto God—who gave it.

Golden words strung on silver cords!—as, again, are most of the inspiring verses in that incomparable thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

We know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.

When President Lincoln, asked as to his creed, quoted from Micah (6:8), assuredly he laid his unerring finger upon a text as marvelous in beauty of case and clause as it is ethically sublime—it now stands graved on the wall of Washington's great library:

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

DeQuincey held that there was no sentence in all the Bible's three score and six books more completely melodious than this from Isaiah (11:9):

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Professor Saintsbury went to the final chapter of the Song of Solomon to find "absolutely perfect English prose":

Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm.

For love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

May one set down even so few proofs of the Bible's boundless wealth, in this third of the inevitable traits of consummate English, and not include:

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness; and all her paths are peace.

The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

Take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.

A very cloud of witnesses might be called to bear testimony, emphatically of expert sort, to the perfection of the diction of the English of the 1613 Testaments. Of that many, four shall be heard. Said Viscount Bryce:

It is a treasure-house of English, on the one hand simple and familiar, fit to be read by the unlearned, and on the other stately and noble, fit to express the highest thoughts. From the day of Milton and Bunyan, who read the Authorized Version—then still new—when they were boys, to the day of Lincoln and Bright, who were diligent and earnest students of it in their youth, it has been a model of pure and simple and melodious English.

George Saintsbury, beyond just question the foremost literary critic of this young century, has written:

Clear, strong, direct, yet full of subtle rhythms and strange, memorable colors; now moving as simply as a shepherd's song, as in the Twenty-third Psalm; now marching with harmonious majesty, as throughout the book of Job; now reflecting the lowliest forms of human life in the Gospels; again flashing into celestial splendors in the apocalyptic visions—it is vivid without effort, picturesque without exaggeration, capable at once of deepest tendernesses and of sublimities the most majestic.

F. W. Faber voiced charmingly what will be the idea of many a reader of these pages:

The English of the Protestant Bible . . . lives on in the ear, like a music never to be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem often to be things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, the anchor of the national seriousness. . . . The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible.

Whittier, a poet of Christian faith as well as "Hermit of Amesbury," adds:

*We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll—
From all old flowerbeds of the soul;
And, weary seekers for the best,
We come back, laden from our quest,
To find—that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.*

CHAPTER XII

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LITERATURE

IF the Bible is genuinely great literature from the point of style and diction, so, too, should it be recognized as a supreme anthology of the various forms in which literature finds expression. Within its pages are histories as well as hymns, lyrics as well as letters, stories as well as sermons; epigrams and essays and elegies, orations, and at least one novel. In short, there are all literary forms, saving only the drama, and claims are advanced that that, too, is to be found: in The Song of Solomon possibly and in Job probably. In reading with this in view, it will be found of advantage to use some such printing as Moulton's *Modern Reader's Bible* or the Revised Version, to name but two of several, since in these the wholly unrhetorical verses (of which, for old associations sake, many of us are so fond) give place to properly formed paragraphs. In Moulton, moreover, matter which seriously breaks the narrative, and which in a book of today's editing would be printed as foot notes, page by page, or even relegated to

an appendix at the close, is taken out of the setting in which it has stood so long and treated in this bibliographically proper way.

History, to be of first rank as such, must offer more than accuracy in fact and skill of logical arrangement, it must further possess human interest and color and dramatic value; that is, it must hold up before us vivid pictures, in which the characters display convincing action. Above all, it must march forward. By these criteria test the chapters of Joshua which relate the entry of the Israelites into Canaan on through the taking of Jericho, or the account, in the Book of the Acts, of the establishment of the Christian church (albeit not then so called), beginning with the miracle of Pentecost. There are considerable sections, also, in the first of the books of Maccabees, in the Old Testament Apochrypha, worthy to stand beside these—and how many others. Written history is superbly illustrated in our Bible.

If narrative, the typical mood of literature (almost everybody is ready to listen to a story on almost any occasion), abounds in the Bible and usually at a high level of appeal, thanks may be due to that Hebraic “boniness” of expression to which reference has been made. For that lends a sharpness in the telling, almost a briskness, which captures attention at the

start and grants it no recess. There are those who make a habit, with each recurring Christmas season, of rereading the nativity chapters in *Ben Hur*—as commendable an act as rereading *The Chimes* at New Years. It is not less than a magnificent story, and yet read immediately afterward the source upon which Lew Wallace had to draw for his work, and there can be no instant's doubt as to which is the better; the General's self would have been first to insist upon the premiership of Luke's gospel. Were it only that an event so portentous is related with such utter simplicity, it would be an achievement all but unique. An Old Testament balance-piece to this, equally challenging our concern and vigorous in detail, may be read in the eighteenth chapter of I Kings, where Elijah meets and masters the priests of Baal, at the "Assembly of the Great Decision." Here is as veritable a trial by combat as ever medieval days might show, and withal as colorful a chronicle as any in the brilliant pages of Malory or Froissart. Belshazzar's feast, as painted so vividly in Daniel 5, is yet another case in like point. Or consider, for narrative values of every kind, the historical novel of Esther, with murderous plots and their counters, all centering about a lovely woman; material as romantically rich as it is condensed, yet so related

that few tales from Genesis to Revelation dwell longer or more clear in memory.

The Bible's most perfect love story, Ruth, of course offers itself as still another and an outstanding instance in this sort, but one prefers to consider it as the supreme achievement in the idyll mode. Goethe's statement to that effect, is, after all, no more than the most authoritative of many. In a class of letters usually artificial and too often even insipid, here is a pastoral predominant, sovereign. Here are no wars or contests whether of tribes or creeds, but harvest home festivals and the picturesque ceremonial of a transfer of inherited land, with fast-waxing love beneath and around all, and very passion in the ultimate appeal. And this, so memorably redolent not of folklore only but of an immortal friendship too, in less than a hundred verses!

Ruth, again, well illustrates the Bible's superlatively perfected short story, for no other, even in so amazing an anthology of such as is to be found in our Scriptures, so clearly exemplifies the two prime essentials of that literary form: absolute unity of interest combined with consistent economy of expression. There is not a superfluous sentence, not so much as an unnecessary word, in the tale of this Moabite girl who was to become ancestress of The Christ.

It is entirely within the mark to say that the finest short stories in the world are to be read in the King James translation of the Bible. Whatever technical characteristics be demanded, here they will be found, while, above this, no other stories, in any literature, so invariably and completely embody that last desideratum in all narrative: to interest. Is it not a part of any Christian's experience to find his attention held through every sentence of the scriptural tales, though he know them so well as to be able to supply the next word that is to fall from the reader's lips? What an amazing experience it would be could we, with mental appreciations unlesened from what they are, hear these stories now read for a very first time! Take that of the healing of Naaman the Syrian, with its startling surprise in the closing thirteen words, where the lying servant is punished for his avarice: "And Gehasi went forth from his presence a leper as white as snow." Andrew D. White used to say that this was his "second favorite," for he set ahead of it the recital of Rebekah's courtship. He would point out, too, that the cycle which tells

*The tale of Joseph's wrongs, simply pathetic,
eloquently plain,*

abounds in texts to have made quick appeal to

DeMaupassant or O. Henry, though neither the Frenchman nor the American, in the opinion of the scholar-diplomat, could have handled them so well. Is there another instance of condensation, with no least loss in any particular, to equal the first eleven verses of the eighth chapter of the fourth gospel: the woman taken in sin? Two hundred and five words, all told, yet exactly and wholly (and how beautifully!) fulfilling Mrs. Gerould's requisit for the perfect short story: "Situation, suspense, solution."

But when all has been written in praise of these, it remains that, for the supremest art in this literary mode as well as for their sweet austerity, Jesus' parables stand unapproached and unapproachable. "The Sower" and "The Prodigal Son," "The Wise and Foolish Virgins" and "The Good Samaritan"—these and their fellows remain the despair of professional story writers. Whether in the least or greatest of them, there is found an enduring power of appeal along with an economy of means which amounts to yet another miracle.

Characterization of crispest, sharpest sort runs through all the Bible's chronicle. A line or two and a man stands forth as clear as Lincoln or Dr. Johnson. Even a single picturing word will do it: think of Agag "going delicately." David

is flesh and blood on a first reading. Job, towering unshaken against

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

impetuous Peter and doubting Thomas—they live unforgettably through the ages, yet so, so few sentences were given to the portrayals. Let it be added that never was such craftsmanship in characterization as that which here limns “the one Life before which the centuries stand uncovered, the One whose words hang in the air like banners.” Count the few brief chapters which build this “biography,” and balance them against the bulky volumes which narrate the career of a modern warrior, or of some politician called statesman!

As has been said, our Bible offers no clear instance of the drama, though the dramatic, as any reader realizes, is everywhere through its pages, from the Samson legends, and before, to the raising of Lazarus, and after. Back in the eighteenth century Mistress Ann Francis first made a claim that the Song of Songs was in its original writing in drama form and that the names of the speakers have been lost in the copyings. It may be so; it remains to be proved. Horace M. Kallen has written a delightful book in demonstration that Job is a drama: *The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy*, and be-

yond all question that mighty temple of poetry, picturing worship without a temple and faith without a ritual, does move in dramatic cycles. Yet not even this case may be held as finally proved.

Job, more fitly than any other scriptural writing, links Biblical poetry to this phase of the subject, for the recital of the sufferings and steadfast strength of the man of Uz is as great poetry as is the *Iliad* or the *Prometheus Bound* or the *Divine Comedy* or *Hamlet* or *Faust*. It may be added, too, that it is as completely distinctive of Hebrew literature as those others are of Grecian and Italian, English and German. Quiller-Couch, in one of his Cambridge lectures, called it

Structurally a great poem, historically a great poem, philosophically a great poem; and so rendered for us in noble English as to be worthy in any comparison of diction or structure or ancestry or thought.

Carlyle's estimation of the book runs deep into such superlatives as were characteristic of the Chelsea sage, yet does not outpraise:

I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism

or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So true everywhere; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual. . . . There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

To discuss the poetry of the Bible is not, of course, to consider matters of rime and meter. The essential materials of high verse are constantly to be found here: emotion and imagination voiced in beautiful and musical language. The Hebrew bards, lesser and greater, built their poems by a correspondence of words and balance of phrases; the system has been well described as "corresponding thoughts that swing pendulum-like." In couplet form, then—occasionally a third line added and rarely a fourth—we are told of the loss of faith and its recovery, or hear stated a law of God with an avowal of its acceptance following, or most often the second line is a repetition of the opening idea in changed verbiage. Thus:

*My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in Goa my Saviour,*
which is synonymous, so-called. And,
*I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than dwell in the tents of unrighteousness,*
which is the antithetic. And,

*He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most
High,*

Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,

which is the synthetic, with a new thought added as the verse developes. With the outward seeming of poetry understood to be this, the Bible will be found as surely an anthology of great verse as it is of perfected short stories. The apocalypse "uncovers" a very height of imaginative poesy, and in varying forms and degrees it runs back through the books to that song of Lamech given at the close of Genesis 4, a lyric earlier than known dates:

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;

Ye wives of Lamech hearken unto my speech:

For I have slain a man to my wounding,

And a young man to my hurt:

If Cain shall be avenged seven-fold,

Truly Lamech seventy and seven-fold.

Stevenson said it was this which rang in his thought, "like the lilt of a song through the

brain of a boy," as he composed Alan Breck's sword song, which that Stuart scion chants just after the battle in the roundhouse, in *Kidnapped*.

If the lyric is recognized as a musical expression of a single personal emotion, it will be understood immediately why the Bible holds so many, ranging so broad a gamut; of all books, this, in frequently recurring portions, is most emotional. Pindar himself struck no more sounding notes than did Isaiah: as

*Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth,*

*And gross darkness the peoples:
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,*

*And His glory shall be seen upon thee.
And nations shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.*

What hymn of praise surpasses Mary's "Magnificat"? What dirge is so poignant as David's lament for Jonathan killed "upon thy high places"? William Watson set it first among the great elegies in all literature:

*Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in
their lives,*

*And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.*

*I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:*

*Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.*

*How are the mighty—fallen!
And the weapons of war—perished!*

Love lyrics reach a very ecstasy of passion in the Canticles, pastoral poetry is exquisitely illustrated in "The Shepherd's Psalm" (23), while in Solomon's Song is as genuine and genuinely beautiful an instance of the spring song as readily may be quoted:

*Rise up, my love, my fair one,
And come away.*

*For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;*

*The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our
land;*

*The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.*

*Arise, my love, my fair one,
And come away.*

As to rhapsodic verse, it abounds throughout the prophetic books and is found as well in Deuteronomy and Revelation. In parts of

Isaiah and Ezekiel it catches a thunder and depth, a speed and heat to be likened fitly to nothing save nature's self in her overpowering and tremendous moods.

The best known Biblical orations, doubtless, are those of Paul on Mars Hill and before Festus, but even the persuasive logic and unconscious strength of these cannot surpass, if indeed they equal, Judah's plea to the as yet unrecognized Joseph, in behalf of little Benjamin, at the close of Genesis 44. In simplicity, in directness, in impressive fervor here is one of the truly great orations of all time; it proved its adequacy, moreover, almost on the minute, by fulfilling Emerson's requirement: "to alter in an hour the convictions and habits of years." Deuteronomy is compact of three addresses, culminating in the rhapsody of the "Song of Moses," in chapter 32. The longer and earlier groups are comparable to Cicero at his best. They open in an unstudied style of historic survey, but rise with the swell of feeling into such musical pulse and swing as must have carried any audience. At the last they climb to a height not less than marvelous:

Ask now of the days that are past, which were before thee, since the day that God created man upon the earth, and ask from the one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been any

such thing as this great thing is, or hath been heard like it. Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire, as thou hast heard, and live? Or hath God assayed to go down and take him a nation from the midst of another nation, by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, and by great terrors, according to all that the Lord your God did for you in Egypt, before your eyes? Unto thee it was shewed, that thou mightest know that the Lord he is God. There is none else beside him.

What can be written adequately of Jesus' talks! His range, from unaffected earnestness of heart-deep appeal to throbbing pathos or scathing sarcasm, was what it was because, after all, it was far, far more than mere oratory. And then his voice!

In this connection it is to be noted that the Sermon on the Mount holds precise and charming instances of the epigram—that aphoristic and diminutive thing which is seen at fullest blossoming in these Beatitudes of the “New Covenant,” as it is, again, in the Proverbs of the “Old.” The Levantine is always and openly partial to the parable and riddlesome saying. Such brevity is requisite in a land of few books, while such pointedness makes consistent appeal to the mental shrewdness characteristic of the

folk dwelling about the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

The Bible holds examples, too, of the essay and the philosophical treatise and of epistolary literature. Ecclesiastes is not unlike Montaigne; captions readily propose themselves for those chapters of "The Preacher" quite like the sixteenth century Frenchman's: "On the Search for Wisdom" for instance, or "The Vanity of Desire." The epistle general of James, again, discourses, much as Francis Bacon might have done, of "Faith and Works" and "Respect of Persons." Who does not remember that all-inclusive little bit "On the Tongue"? And ápropos letters, none who would know widely that most intimate form of literature may miss reading (or rereading) what Paul wrote Philemon: "the most completely sweet and cultured letter ever sent by one gentleman to another," said Coleridge of it. As to philosophy, what study of it will be held adequately comprehensive that does not include Paul, once more, in, say, the profoundest of his epistles, To the Romans.

* * *

In a discussion of the various literary traits and forms which the Bible offers for one's study, Thomas L. Masson emphasizes its "noncompeti-

tive" position among all other books, whatever or wherever, and so goes on to this wise comment:

It is the bed-rock foundation of all our literature and, therefore, if you want to know anything, the Bible is where you must go to find it. It contains all the latest news. No newspaper man, no sage or scientist, no philosopher or statesman has ever been able to get up early enough in the morning to get ahead of the Bible. Being so compactly written, without a superfluous word, no word in it can therefore be overlooked, and that is why it must be read without any ambition, that is, any thought that one may acquire a reputation as an authority for having read it: and that is why it can never be read by any method or system. It is too big for systems, it comprehends man himself and all his thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE

IF it be generally granted that the Bible is great literature, and also a not less than splendidly fine anthology of the varying modes of letters, equally must it be realized that directly it has produced more literature than has any other book; indirectly it has left its mark upon writings of every sort everywhere. Never has there been another such storehouse of literary treasure; from no other seed-bed have sprung so many perennially blossoming plants as from this.

Before turning to illustration—and only the slightest, indeed, can be attempted, even as no more than that, after all, is called for—something is to be recalled of biblical influences not merely in writing which falls short of literature, as such, but in common talk as well. When a book figures in a man's life, it figures also in his thought, and if in thought, then, too, in daily speech. Such spoken counters of scriptural genesis crowd one another, as indeed that "genesis" suggests. Think of the personifica-

tions we use constantly, and always with the other fellow instantly "getting us": this man is a Samson, that one a Jonah, some other a Judas, or an Ananias, or a Methusaleh, or a doubting Thomas. A "vamp" is a Delilah, and a light-of-love a Magdalen. Eve is become generic. Jezebel labels a cruel and immoral woman even as Jehu, who had that queen killed, is now an accepted name for a coachman or taxi driver, and all because that forceful opportunist was described as driving furiously.

Again, think of the allusions and quotations which all of us scatter through all our talk. We need be grateful to Æsop for his fables, in this regard, and we draw heavily upon both classic myth and modern history, but the Bible is our chiefest source of supply. We refer quite casually to the "still, small voice" of conscience and to the "blind leading the blind." Untempered justice demands "an eye for an eye." The spendthrift squanders an inheritance for "a mess of pottage." Tom has "fallen among thieves," Dick has been "weighed and found wanting," Harry suffers from "a thorn in the flesh." Page after page might be filled with like instances: "Abraham's bosom," "thirty pieces of silver," "cruel as the grave," "sowing the wind," "the parting of the ways," "last shall be first," "from Dan to Beersheba," "money is the root of all

evil"—these are no more than indicative of the spoken universality of biblical quotation.

There are not a few cases, it may be added, where we ascribe to the Bible phrases never to be found within its covers. There, for an instance, is the more than twice-told tale of the gushing lady who assured her "dear Bishop" that she found such comfort in the Bible's "The Lord tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and he, too polite even to suggest that Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* gave us that, temporized by adducing his own favorite passage—that one about Eliza crossing the ice. Mr. Clemens once drew upon the Bible actually but quite as amusingly. He had become involved in a dispute regarding polygamy, with a Mormon, who, giving plural scriptural instances of plural wives, challenged the humorist to cite any passage which forbade the practice. And Clemens answered instantly: "How about 'No man can serve two masters'?"

The daily newspaper offers more than just frequent cases of allusion to almost everything from Genesis to The Revelation. Here are proofs, fresh at hand. "If he could not but feel a stranger in a strange land, yet still there shone before him the guiding star of sound finance." "The name of the Channel swimmers' clan is Legion." "The voice is the voice

of Trotsky but the hands are the hands of Kemal Pasha." "British administrators have been discovering for some time that a soft answer does not turn away Hindu wrath." "The farm relief outfit would become a law unto itself." "A sales tax would prove a broken reed." "The Senator has seen a great light in the heavens, albeit we doubt that he was traveling towards Damascus." "The price of being a good Samaritan has risen every year." Experiment with this idea upon tomorrow's editorial page.

Turning to the world of books it may be affirmed with safety that scarce a writer but uses this sort of thing so generally that to strike out everything of the kind would mar terribly all the volumes on your shelves. On the other hand, if every Bible were to be lost, the aggregate of these quotations and allusions in any large library would reproduce the book in all its essential parts. From a reader's point of view, it is not possible intelligently to appreciate any book, running the broad gamut from "classic" and "standard" down to "best seller," without knowing more than just the least of the Bible.

Often it begins with the very titles. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Rejected of Men, Red Pottage, Many Inventions, The Valley of Decision,*

The Seven Lamps of Architecture, Prisoners of Hope, The House of Defense, A Fool in Christ, Render unto Caesar, A Fountain Sealed, The Light of the World, Tell it not in Gath, Sweetness and Light, Bells and Pomegranates, The Street Called Straight, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—and the list may be extended practically ad libitum. The subtitle of Thackeray's *Adventures of Philip* shows "who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by." The title-page text of Browning's *Saul* reads: "Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself," while for his *Caliban in Setebos* he has: "As certain of your own poets have said." In the great triumph of his work, *The Ring and the Book*, the Pope's speech, which opens the story, starts with an elaborated allusion to Queen Esther. Galsworthy's *The Skin Game* is sub-titled: "Who toucheth pitch shall be defiled."

Shakespeare's Bible, as has been said, was the Geneva, not the Authorized Version, and we find him constantly indebted to it. To take a half dozen instances, paralleled with their biblical sources:

Mercy becomes the throned monarch better than his crown (Portia);

Truth preserveth the king; his crown is upholden by mercy (Proverbs).

Wisdom cries in the streets, and no man regards it (Prince Hal);

Wisdom uttereth her voice in the streets (Proverbs again).

Falstaff exclaims (in the *Merry Wives*); *Life is a shuttle*;

My days are swifter than the weaver's shuttle (Job).

Life is but a walking shadow (Macbeth);

Our days upon earth are a shadow (Bildad in Job).

Lions make a leopard tame, but not change his spots (in Richard II);

Can the Etheop change his skin or the leopard his spots? (Jeremiah).

And when Rivers says to Gloucester: "Pray for them that have done scathe to us," he paraphrases, of course, "Pray for them that despitefully use you." For a carefully worked out parallel, compare Luke 14: 28-32 ("For which of you intending to build a tower," etc.), with Bardolf's lines:

When we mean to build

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the erection,

Which, if we find outweighs ability,

*What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all. Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.*

The passing allusions are everywhere: "To memorize another Golotha" and "Of the stock of Barabbas" are well known; "How like a fawning publican" is better.

John Bunyan was a peripatetic index to the Scriptures. He had so drunk in the King James' translation, word and phrase, so soaked his very fibre in it, that he could not speak save biblically. "I could not have believed beforehand," wrote Coleridge, "that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colors." Open *Pilgrim's Progress* quite at random, and one finds the unmistakable accent on every page. The same holds almost as markedly for Milton. Not a few of us know our Bible stories because of this "God-gifted organ voice of England"; the Gustave Doré picturings of his *Paradise Lost* and *Regained* often and often constituted the sole Sunday afternoon entertainment for a generation which no longer pro-

John Milton was born the 9th of December
1608 die Veneris half an hower after 6 in the
morning

Christopher Milton was born on Friday about
a month before Christmas at 5 in the morning.

1615

Edward Phillips was 15 year old August 1648
John Phillips is a year younger about 1649.

My daughter Anne was born July the 29th
on the fast at evening about half an hower
after six 1646

My daughter Mary was born on Wednesday
Octob. 25th on the fast^{day} in the morning about
6 a clock 1648.

My son John was born on Sunday March the
16th about half an hower past nine at night 1650

My daughter Deborah was born the 2^d of May
being Sunday somewhat before 3 of the clock in the
morning. 1652.

~~His~~ my wife his mother died about 3 days after. And my
son about 6 weeks after his mothers

Katherin my daughter by Katherin my second wife, was
borne y^e 19th of October between 5 and 6 in y^e morning,
and died y^e 14th of March following 6 weeks after his
mother, who died y^e 3rd of Feb. 1654

JOHN MILTON'S NOTATIONS, IN HIS BIBLE, GIVING THE BIRTH-DATES,
ETC., OF CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY. THE FIRST FIVE ARE IN
THE POET'S OWN HAND.

(From a manuscript in the British Museum)

claims its age. But one may go back to the more lyrical days of "our Lady of Christ's" and find allusion to repay brief search, as from *Lycidas*, those splendid lines:

*Last came and last did go
The pilot of the Gallilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore, of metal twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.)*

And yet a third "literary John," Dryden, carried on the tradition, as:

*Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Born upward by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.*

Gray's immemorially beautiful "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," without one direct quotation and only three clearly recognizable allusions, yet is biblical in thought and tone, line after line. Scott draws heavily on the Bible, not only from *Count Robert* back to *Waverley*, but, further yet, to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Isaac expected the palmer's staff to equal another Moses' rod. When the coach overturned in the river (*Midlothian*) the unfortunates were described as having reversed the miracle of Gideon's fleece, "for it was dry while all around was moist." Then there is a splendid bit in *Kenilworth*. Leicester,

giving the ring to Varney, by means of which sweet Amy Robsart is to be decoyed to death, bids him: "What thou doest, do quickly." And later, before the lifeless body, Foster exclaims: "If there be any judgment in heaven, thou hast deserved it and will meet it. Thou has destroyed her by means of her best affections; it is the seething of the kid in the mother's milk."

It may be said that Gray and Scott were essentially religious-minded men, and that biblical allusion was to have been expected of them. It is equally true of writers far removed from thought of scriptural quality or what the world calls religious inclination. Take Byron and Shelley as instances. The "noble lord" turned often to the Book of Books for very themes (as the *Cain* and *Heaven and Earth*), left those memorably ringing *Hebrew Melodies* ("The harp the monarch minstrel swept" and "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold") and offers far from infrequent lines like

*The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from
such a tree.*

Shelley, like Milton before him, once thought to make a poem of Job, but no sooner had he turned to it for study than he gave up the idea:

"It is a great poem already," he wrote. Leigh Hunt has left this record of him:

Nor will those who understand the real spirit of his scepticism be surprised to hear that one of his companions was the Bible. He valued it for the beauty of some of its contents, for the dignity of others, and the curiosity of all. . . . Being asked on one occasion what book he would save for himself if he could save no other, he answered, "The oldest book, the Bible."

Of Keats one need recall only that three-line miracle:

*Perhaps the self-same song which found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.*

But of Coleridge, "the rapt one, of the godlike forehead," a little more may well be set down. He had ever felt the great charm and poise and high seriousness of Hebrew prose. "After reading Isaiah or the Epistle to the Hebrews," he wrote, "Homer and Virgil are disgustingly tame to me, and Milton's self barely tolerable." And again: "Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." His magnificent "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamounix" is nothing, after all, but a wondrous paraphrasing of Psalm 19:

*Awake, my soul!—not only passive praise
Thou owest!—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy! Awake, my
heart, awake!*

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn!

*Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?*

Macaulay started to draw upon his Bible when he was still in kilts—or if in knickers, they must have been very, very short ones. For once he came to his mother, almost breathless in anger, to complain of a maid who had upset some kiddie playhouse. “Cursed be Mary!” he cried “She hath removed her neighbor’s landmarks.” Wherefore it is not surprising that such a boy stood father to the man who could use scriptural clause and metaphor as scarce another of his day. In the essay on Milton, which paved the way for his towering successes to come, he wrote:

Into the Depth of Clouds, that veil thy breast—
 Thou too ^{once more,} stupendous Mountain! Thou,
 That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
 In adoration, upward from thy Base
 Slow-travelling, with dim eyes, supersed with Tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury Cloud,
 To rise before me - Rise, o ever Rise, for
 Rise, like a Cloud of Incense, from the Earth!
 Thou Kingly Spirit Mevrid among the Hills,
 Thine dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent Sky,
 And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
 Earth with her thousand Voices praises God.

S. T. Coleridge

S. T. Coleridge intends Mrs Doubant to excuse the slowness
 state, not that this copy has degenerated from candles and
 envelopes. He does not trust to his own procrastinating spirit,
 or he would withdraw it from the Press and send a fairer
 copy by ~~the~~ a future opportunity. It is however a correct copy,
 the only correct copy in existence.

THE CLOSE OF COLERIDGE'S "HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF
 CHAMOUNY," WITH THE POET'S EXPLANATORY NOTE.

(From a manuscript in the British Museum)

The principles of liberty were made the scoff of every growing courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch, and England propitiated these cruel and obscene idols with the blood of her best and brightest children. Crime succeeded to crime, disgrace to disgrace, till the race, accursed of God and man, was a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Carlyle radiated a biblical spirit, even if at the end he degenerated into a common scold. At first he had stood forth truly as the Old Testament prophet to our grandfathers, speaking always in their tones, often in their very phrases, and well earning Ruskin's praise: "pure lightning." And Ruskin? He played Elisha to Carlyle's Elijah, his prose intimately and constantly affected by his close and long study of the Bible. He held his daily reading there the one essential part of his education.

It needs no recording that Charles Dickens was as saturated with a New Testament kindness as Thomas Carlyle was with what often seems the unadulterated sternness of the Old. He is full of such touches as that which emphasizes the Murdstone cruelty to the boy David,

“though there was once One who set a little child in the midst of his disciples.” All of Matthew Arnold’s writing, verse or prose, shows the man’s knowledge of the Bible and love for it. Tennyson makes more than four hundred allusions of such sort, the finest of them being the novice’s song, “Late, late, too late,” sung to Guinevere near the opening of that poem of the *Idylls*, and perhaps as beautiful in its lyric way as the very parable of “The Wise and Foolish Virgins,” which it paraphrases.

Of a more modern period, Stevenson and Hardy, Kipling and George Bernard Shaw might any or all be instanced in yet further elaboration of the present point. Robert Louis knew the Bible before he could read it for himself, for the beloved “Cummy,” her charge has told us, had a most feeling way of holding him with its tales. How thoroughly the Calvinism of his native highlands had worked into his literary blood appears in such a story as *Prince Otto*—utterly removed in subject matter from what might suggest use of scriptural phrase or simile—yet by actual count there are forty-one of these echoes in the little romance. The historian of Wessex is called fatalist often, atheist not seldom, pagan occasionally, yet it seems but yesterday that the London *Times* carried his poem “Jezreel”—of the biblical

ghosts that moved throughout the Holy Land, after it had fallen to Allenby—and his *Mayor of Casterbridge* is by no means an exception among his novels in showing such passing lights as these (not to quote all):

She shirked it with the suddenness of the weak apostle at the accusation, "Thy speech betrayeth thee!"

They sat stiffly side by side at the darkening table, like some Tuscan painting of the two disciples supping at Emaus.

Henchard felt like Saul at his reception by Samuel.

Breeding was carried on with Abrahamic success.

"No more sowers flinging their seed about broadcast, so that some falls by the wayside and some among thorns, and all that."

A sticky bonnet that seemed to have been worn in the country of the Psalmist, where the clouds drop fatness.

"And your care of me is like coals of fire on my head!"

The good she would have done she did not, and the evil that she would not, that she did.

"It seems that even I be in Somebody's hand!"

"I—Cain—go alone, as I deserve."

Bernard Shaw's essential seriousness is usually

overlooked in his superficial charlatanism, but to be convinced of its reality one need but read the long preface to his *Androcles and the Lion*, which is a commentary on the Gospels, Acts, and Pauline epistles amounting to a reverent and marvelous exposition of Jesus' teaching. None who knows his Kipling at all can miss his scriptural tang and bent. He makes frequent use of biblical titles; his short stories are often illustrations of the proverbs; "The Sons of Martha" is compact of biblical feeling and appreciative reference: and his finest poem, "The Recessional," is almost as close a paraphrase as "Nearer, my God, to thee," which came direct from a verse of Genesis 28.

American letters would lend itself full as readily to continued illustration. Emerson the philosopher and Hawthorne the romancer, Whittier the democrat and Whitman the socialist, Prescott the historian and Poe the poet, Lowell the scholar and Webster the statesman, all alike drew constantly upon the Bible's poetry and prose in their own written expressions. Daniel Webster, indeed, was familiarly spoken of as "The Concordance of the Senate." Turn the pages of any of his great addresses and this is the sort of thing to be found:

It (duty) pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of

the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations yet are with us. We cannot escape from their power or fly from their presence.

Longfellow's Bible-suggested pictures are especially delightful. In Evangeline's Acadia the cock crowed "with the selfsame voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter." Again, "Wild with the winds of September, Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel." And yet once more, Evangeline saw the moon pass

*Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star followed her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.*

Never was there another such book-making book as the Christian Bible. Set aside the books of devotion, (from á Kempis' immortal *De Imitatione* down the long and poignant line,) the sermons and commentaries, the essays on scriptural themes, the disquisitions on religious arguments, and the glorious hymns—Pope and Dr. Johnson, Watts and the Wesleys, Keble and Newman, Whittier and Longfellow, and

all their splendid compeers. One still has to count the paraphrases, like *The Divine Tragedy*, and such direct retellings as lie not only in Bunyan and Milton, Byron's *Cain* and Browning's *Saul*, but *Ben Hur*, and Hudson's fine fictionalizing of David's early career in his *Royal Outlaw* and Dr. Norwood's *Witch of Endor* and *Man of Kerioth*, and Masefield's *Good Friday* and *Trial of Jesus*. There are, too, the legends, late blossomings from biblical seeds, such as Browning's "Death in the Desert," a folk tale of John's passing; or Matthew Arnold's "St. Brandon," relating how Judas, because of a quondam kindness done a leper, is allowed each Christmas Eve to cool himself on the arctic snows. Then, finally, there are many short stories and novels, poems and dramas, which develop in non-biblical guise what are basically scriptural themes. Thus Francis Thompson's "Veteran of Heaven" carries back to the Apocalypse, Mrs. Browning's "Drama in Exile" is the woman's side of the expulsion from Eden tale. What is *Faust*, whether of Marlowe or Calderon or mighty Goethe, but a sermon-in-a-life to the text: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Surely *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is an objective allegory based on Paul's teaching that there are two men in each of us. Hall Caine's *The*

Bondman is at bottom the Jacob and Esau happening; his *Deemster* is another prodigal, and *The Manxman* is yet another retelling of the David and Uriah episode.

One must bring to a close arbitrarily a summary which could run on indefinitely, and one last quotation may be used for that good purpose. "People imagine," said Emerson, "that the place which the Bible holds in the world it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book."

CHAPTER XIV

THE BIBLE IN HISTORY

IT would be easier to review the history in which the Bible does not figure than that in which it does. The Christian Era includes considerably less than half of the whole period through which dates can be affixed to events, but in that later one-third (call it) lies the most of the record of man's conquest of the world, and an overwhelmingly greater portion of this centers about the Bible. The books crowded upon shelf after shelf of any fair-sized library tell this story, albeit only in part. Here one can do no more than point toward the littlest least of a tale twice-told—and never told enough.

In a sentence: More history has been made by the Bible than by any other book, bar none. It has directly shaped or indirectly swayed more of the entries which Dame Clio has set to her tablets than any movement or man through all recorded time. Take one small instance: Every student of English literature knows that the two great moulding influences in that broad field

have been Shakespeare and the Bible, but in English history Shakespeare has affected not one drift or even single happening of importance.

It calls for no great fund of historical information to have a chance word call up a picture, wide and colorful and important on the immense scrolls of humanity's palpitating annals, with the Bible's impress upon it clear for all to see. In the very infancy of Christianity is such a word: "catacombs." Voice it, and instantly there rises some vision of those vast subterranean cemeteries where secretly, at early dawn or under cover of night, children cast out by their parents and slaves oppressed by their masters, citizens suspected by their neighbors and subjects proscribed by their rulers, gathered for prayer and praise according to the teachings of that Book wherein the worshipping faithful were called Saints and Brethren. And "circus" will offer sharp pictures of the reverse to this medal. *Christiani ad liones!* Thousands gathered about the arena. Death, seeking those who clung to the Bible despite his grim face, stalking horribly across the glistening sands "to make a Roman holiday."

Once on a time the name of Constantine stood mainly if not solely for an able leader of men who, proclaimed emperor in Britain's York, met and mastered five rivals to the throne of the

world, united the empires and stamped the personal seal of his memory on the name of the great city by the Bosphorus. But for what does he stand today? A little for the re-christening of old Stamboul, a little for a vision of a cross in the sky, and almost wholly for the man by whose decree the despised and persecuted Christian church became the church of the Roman state. Again, consider the name of Charlemagne. With all else that that genuinely "Great Charles" did, not only to enhance the power of the Franks but also a little to uplift living conditions in west Europe, are not two details memorable?—his conversion of the tribal chiefs to Christianity, and his School of the Palace, where Alcuin sowed quite childish seeds of learning in question-and-answer method, conned by rote, and all out of the Bible, yet, none the less, a beginning of university culture.

Constantine's starry promise, *In hoc signo vinces* ("In this symbol thou shalt conquer"), announced a text which through two crusading centuries (1095–1270) was to reshape the world's history. Those years of bright romance and dark tragedy, of great names and (too often) small actions, did not, of course, win back from "infidel" hands the sites long-hallowed because of the Founder of the New Testament's religion, but those "Wars of the Cross" did mean that

East and West were brought into a contact never to be wholly broken. Then was struck a touch of hands that should, indeed, grow with the years to a constant interchange of numberless things and ideas which modify modes of living and habits of thought: fabrics and foods, sports and spices, to say nothing of those greater matters which have to do with the arts and sciences, letters and philosophy. A fashioning of history, certainly.

Monasticism followed, and what other four syllables enwrap so much of all that kept alive and broadened Christian civilization. It is common knowledge that those cowed brotherhoods in the settlements where they studied the Bible—copied and recopied it, too, besides reading and seeking to live its precepts—cherished and developed law and learning, architecture and painting, music and medicine. Our hospitals and our hotels alike have sprung from their Bible-enjoined hospitalities, as the very names yet advertise. If, too, religious intolerance was there fostered, if those abbeys and priories wrote one of the blackest of all of history's pages, yet was it history, none the less, epochal and indicative. Charles Henry Lea's *History of the Inquisition* may be sad reading; also is it of an import scarce to be exaggerated in the upward march of human-

kind's development. For that cruel bias was unintendingly to set in train a social revolution which ultimately would alter wholly the face of man's narrow system of class control and ecclesiastical monopoly. One of the first of waymarks along a road that since has broadened commandingly, came with Wat Tyler's abortive uprising, and one notes how at once the Bible's thought began to sound:

*When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?*

sang those fourteenth century revolters.

Peter Waldo and his "Poor Men of Lyons," John Wycliffe and his Lollard friars, each glorious company struggling against "spiritual wickedness in high places," similarly emphasized the Bible's weight in history's growth. What if the Waldenses were "put down." What if Lollardism was repressed. Both were, after all, no more than driven beneath the surface. Something of the letter of what they had taught remained in men's minds, more of the spirit, and that was to be a force vital enough mightily to aid the Reformation. With that movement a very tidal wave was driven by the Bible far up the beach of history. When Luther's devotion to the Right impelled his hammer against the church door at Wittenberg, it brought sweeping change through all of Europe. Behind that initial protest against

the sale of Papal Indulgences lay, awaiting the call to life, the Huguenot and Covenanter movements, for example. The fearful chronicle of St. Bartholomew's, in 1572, and the unflinching courage which so sternly carried through the Revolution of 1688, alike were workings in the meal of history of the leaven of the Christian Bible.

The Bible constituted the sole learning of George Fox, who summed up all theology in charity. It alone was with him when, "out in the field" on that historic instant, he "came to himself"—and that was the precise phrase for what had happened. It put life into a reform which was to play no mean part in readjusting seventeenth century thought, reaching westward across the Atlantic and breathing its new spirit into a new world. As of the Quaker faith, so too of Methodism. For fifty years the Bible was more to John Wesley than all else he carried in his saddle bags, as he rode up and down and across old England. "At any price give me the Book of God," he wrote.

I have it; here is knowledge enough. Let me be homo unius libri. Here then I am far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In this presence I open and read his Book. And what thus I learn, that I teach.

He had held the whole world was his parish and

the ascendancy of the Bible which he preached has affected that parish permanently.

William Wilberforce, "friend of the wrong'd and fetter-gall'd," in his fight against human slavery; John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, in their long struggle for prison reform; David Livingstone, in the heart of the Dark Continent; Sir John Franklin, in his fatally daring venture into the Frozen North; these history-makers all drew in strength from the Bible's pages. Inspired by it as well as guided by its statesmanship Burke and Bright and Gladstone built and redeemed political institutions. In the Bible they found ideals as well as ideas, plus a power, not of men, to carry those perfect models far towards actuality. Philosophers such as Locke and Hamilton; scientists, like Humboldt and Romanes; scholars like Causabon and Salmasius; have found in the Bible directing force, encouragement in time of failure, support and strength at the end. Shall one not include, as best one may, the mighty army of the nameless, whose labors have in true sense proved historic? Those Padres, for one instance, coarse-garbed and courageous, ascetic but unselfish, who blazed a path for civilization through the virgin fastnesses of the St. Lawrence Valley, broke across a wilderness to reach the Great Lakes, and so threaded their Bible-directed way far down "The Father

Birmingham
March 25. 1785

Dear Samson,

You read me good news, concerning
the progress of the Work of GOD in the
County. I should think to Jackson or
Sagar might set the heads of the people
at Baccupright Bro: Jackson sh^d advise
bro. Quidel, Not to please the Devil by
preaching himself to death. I sh^d think,
when the Methodists leave the
Church of England, GOD will leave them
Every year more and more of the Clergy
are convinced of the truth, and you
will affect to leave us. It would be contrary
to all common sense, as well as to good
conscience, to make a separation now. I am,

Dear Samson,

Your Affectionate Brother,

Wesley

JOHN WESLEY'S LETTER (1783) STRONGLY OPPOSING THE IDEA OF THE
METHODISTS LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

(From a manuscript in the British Museum)

of Waters." Heroes all, unconsciously shaping history's ponderous marble into lasting form.

What would English history have been without Naseby? Where would have lain the earlier course of democracy had Charles I and his Royalists won on that June day in 1645, not Cromwell and his Parliamentarians? But the presence of their king upon the field availed the Cavaliers naught, and the gallantry of Prince Rupert overleapt itself, and Old Ironsides' squadrons swept on to what assuredly was "a crowning mercy"—though the Lord Protector-to-be scarce meant the play upon the word. "I had an assurance," said he, when evening had brought victory, "that God by the things that are not would bring to naught the things that are." It was to the strains of Psalm 68 that the Round-head cavalry marched that day:

*Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered:
Let them also that hate him flee before him.
As smoke is driven away, so drive them away:
As wax melleth before the fire, so let the wicked
perish at the presence of God.*

The Holy Scriptures moulded all the life of this "sagest of usurpers," as Byron named him. Throughout the night which preceded the opening of his first parliament, he pondered Psalm 103:

*As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he perisheth.
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlasting upon them that fear him.*

And when the second parliament came, the text on which he addressed it was taken from Psalm 85:

*Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land:
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
I will hear what God the Lord will speak:
For he will speak peace unto his people and to his
saints, but let them not turn again to folly.*

Three years after its burial, the corpse of Cromwell was disinterred, hung in chains, and then beheaded. The restored Stuart spared his body no indignity, and his memory was maliciously reviled. But what of today's longer view? Whose statue now stands within the shadow of Westminster Hall? It is of neither of the Charleses, nor of General Monk, who brought back the son to misrule; it is Oliver Cromwell, whose realization, in ways he held to be God's ways, of the plan he had conceived from long study of his Bible, has directly led to England's existing eminence.

When the younger Charles had landed at Dover, something transpired as largely eloquent as lesser things occasionally are. The crowd,

gathered there to greet the forbiddingly handsome, ingratiatingly insincere young man, who was to play monarch of the realm for a quarter of a century, stood serious-faced and silent until the mayor of the little channel port had offered the returning prince the Authorized Version (named of his grandfather and a score of years older than he himself), and he had kissed it, swearing to love it above all else. Then the cheers broke forth—and let no cynic name them premature. It would not be long till they would seem just that, but, in abiding fact, the whole incident displayed the newborn British temper. Charles “the Martyr” was to be the last Anglo-Saxon king or leader to keep English-speaking folk from full and free access to the book which already stood to them as a very banner of their liberties.

The Bible has spelt courage through twenty centuries and more because it has meant faith. Afghanistan’s Kabul River saw high proof of this, in 1842–43, when a handful of garrison held Jellalabad for thirteen months against Akbar Khan. Not a Sunday through those uncertain weeks but divine service was read by a young captain of the troops, and again and again he chose Psalm 46 for the scriptural lesson. How pointedly uplifting its promises must have rung through the blazing heat

of the cantonment square or the biting chill of the barracks yard:

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved;

He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder.

Be still and know that I am God.

And that captain was one day to be world-known as Sir Henry Havelock.

On an April day of 1867, Queen Victoria, during an audience to an ambassador, in a single sentence epitomized much of her country's history. What was the secret of England's superiority among the nations? she had been asked, and, laying hand upon a Bible, she made answer: "Tell your Prince that this is the secret of such political greatness as may be ours." With that contrast the scene, sixty years later, last Easter Sunday (1927), in the Leninegrad which has superseded Petrograd as that had ousted St.

Petersburg. Around the crimson-painted timber tomb of Lenine, clustered some hundreds of half-serious, half-curious loiterers, peering in through the glass door at the pallid, bearded, drawn face of "Ulianoff." And within a short stone's throw, about the blazing doorways of the Cathedral of St. Mary, crowded thousands waiting a chance to press in under the bulbed dome. Bolshevism declared war upon God, proclaimed no less to the four corners of that Christian earth at which it sneered—and today its commander-in-chief lies all but neglected that honor may be paid to the mother of Jesus, the Christ.

Democracy was born in the Bible, and with its teaching blossoms. It was with Bible in hand that Calvin brought to pass his Genevan republic, and through it Gustavus Vasa fostered Swedish freedom. To appreciate its authority in a nation's social and political growth one has only to contrast (to give one instance of many) Elizabeth's subjects in the Armada days with those that the first Charles ruled in the time of the Long Parliament; the steady sturdiness in the face of danger has not changed but an ability to think has developed and a freedom of thinking has come all new. Within those two generations the English had become a folk of one book: the Bible. It meant so much to

them that the Puritan crept into hiding to read it, sailed away into an almost mysterious ocean to live it, read it daily in the Mayflower's cabin, and by it guided life amid the hardships of the forest primeval. In the dozen years of 1628-40, with Laud persecuting and Cromwell not yet arisen, more than twenty thousand such single-hearted men and women sought American shores. What would our history have been without them!

Oglethorpe planned his Georgia experiment in the exaltation of the Sermon on the Mount. Washington held out against the soul-testing trials of that bitter winter at Valley Forge mainly through a strength (he said) born of prayer and frequent reading of the Psalms. To see how seriously and sanely the Father of his Country took the Bible teaching, read those sentences in his Farewell Address which make a plea for religious dependence as distinct from mere morality:

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician equally with the pious man ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections

with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked: "Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice?" And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

And when the Philadelphia convention of 1787 had met, to begin work upon that Constitution which lies more basic to American thought than even this historic paper of the first President, Benjamin Franklin, from a wisdom ripened through eighty-one years and a lifetime passed in public service, offered the following resolution:

I have lived for a long time, Sir, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured in the sacred writings that "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Firmly do I believe this, as also that without his concurring

aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the workers of Babel. So I beg leave to move you, Sir, that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberation, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business.

The words of the venerable patriot, "who wrenched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants," might well stand as if a legend to condense the spirit in which the history of the United States almost wholly has been wrought. None need be told that the interpretations which John Marshall placed upon the Constitution breathed the breath of life into the clauses which he discussed, and it used to be said of the Virginian jurist that he "retired nightly with one hand on the Constitution and the other on the Bible."

When the long lines of covered wagons crawled across the western plains there was in each one book: the Bible. The Abolitionists fought the battle of freedom armed mainly with ammunition drawn from this scriptural arsenal—and Whittier, leading them, surely looked like the patriarchs and prophets he quoted. Throughout the conflict between North and South, Stonewall Jackson carried with him not only a *Manual of the Rules of War* but a Bible.

And Lincoln? Not even the most casual stu-

dent of those dark days of Civil War fails to realize how deeply the Great Emancipator was imbued with a desire for the rule of righteousness; invariably his motive was solely the search for God's Truth and usually his very words rang of the Bible which alone, yet fully, embodied his principles of conduct. When Senator Wade once said to him: "Mr. President, I begin to think God is on your side," the answer came back: "Ben, don't you mean I've tried to set myself on God's side?" When he rose to give his second inaugural address—tall and thin to gauntness, noble-headed, and from the saddest face in all history looking out eyes that had explored Gethsemane in all its paths—how he packed into the half-dozen brief paragraphs of that the high-water mark of his state papers, not merely biblical phrase and tone, but the living spirit!

Both (North and South) read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. . . . The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which,

having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? . . . "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan.

* * *

DeQuincey once named as the most august division of letters "The Literature of Power." The authors of these rarely few volumes would include Confucius and á Kempis, Newton and Archimedes and Euclid, Aristotle and Plato and Emerson, Homer and Dante and Shakespeare. But by far the most vital entry on the brief roster would be our Bible. No other book moves with so mighty an impact upon the wills of men. No other sets forth with so crystal a clarity such high ideals. No other so reaches down to the very springs of human action and imparts such assured power to all that is life. Its teachings are woven into the warp and woof of our whole civic and social fabrics. It is not

possible for us to so much as imagine what our state would be, were these threads somehow torn from the pattern of the world. Without the Bible the past would have been utterly different, the present would scarce be worth the contest, the future would be unthinkable.

But the Bible is. The foundations of society and governments do rest upon its teachings. Faith in it spreads with the proofs that each day brings of its energizing and abiding Truth.

What an antithesis to ancient Egypt's "Book of the Dead"! This Book—good Sir Walter's "Only One"—has been, and is, and ever more will be "The Book of the Living."

**"THE WORDS THAT I SPEAK UNTO YOU,
THEY ARE SPIRIT AND THEY ARE LIFE."**

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